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Contents

Editorial Notes 1
Leading Editorials
Go Through With It Now 4
Open Diplomacy at Last 4
The Poisonous Treaty 5
Right in Spite of Itself 7
The Lynching Evil 7
The Tie That Binds 8
The Seamen's Act 8
General Articles
Poland as Barrier ..... H. N. Brailsford 10
The Debs Case and Freedom of Speech ..... Ernst Freund 13
Mr. Burleson, Back from Boston ..... William Hard 15
The Japanese Demands ..... William Browne Hale 18
Company (Verse) ..... Hazel Hall 19
The Undying Fire ..... H. G. Wells 20
Armistice (Verse) ..... Louis Untermeyer 22
South Winds (Verse) ..... Edwin Curran 22
Correspondence 23
After the Play 25
Books and Things ..... P. L. 26
Reviews of Books
Blind Alley ..... F. H. 27
National Budgets ..... H. J. L. 28
The Madman ..... S. Y. 29
Theodore Dreiser ..... M. A. 30

"NOTHING in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace." Such is the form of recognition which the Covenant, as adopted by the Peace Conference, gives to the Monroe Doctrine. Its virtue consists in its probable insignificance; its danger consists in its manifest ambiguity. It does not exempt the United States from the obligation to submit American political controversies to compulsory conference, as Mr. Root proposed, but the phrase "regional understandings" does apparently authorize, under the terms of the Covenant, the existence of spheres of influence under which specific nations may occupy privileged economic and political positions. Its good or evil effects will depend on the vitality or lack of vitality of the cooperative processes among nations which will take place as a result of the new international organization, and its insertion into the Covenant was due to the exigencies of American party politics and to nothing else. It will now be more difficult for the Republicans to find sufficient excuses for insisting on the amendment of this particular form of words than it would be for them to find sufficient excuse for attaching to the Covenant, on their own initiative, a recognition of the Monroe Doctrine in some more explicit form.

AS we go to press, the Italian situation is far from clear. The Council of Four appears to be split in this fashion: (1) Orlando wants both Fiume and the coast that was awarded Italy in the secret treaties; (2) the President wants Italy to have neither; (3) Lloyd George (if we credit a statement attributed to Balfour) and Clemenceau (if we go by his letter to Professor Luzzatti) stand by the secret treaties but oppose, presumably, the addition of Fiume. If this analysis of the situation is accurate, then there will be difficulty in reaching a decision—whether or not Orlando returns to Paris willing to see Fiume internationalized. If he still opposes this solution, the difficulty is obvious. If he is now ready to accept it, then Italy, England and France would apparently be agreed that although she lost Fiume Italy would have the Dalmatian coast awarded her in the treaties. This would isolate Mr. Wilson in the Council of Four, for the first time. And he has as much reason to fight Italian appropriation of the Dalmatian Coast as he has her appropriation of Fiume.

IT is interesting to note one fact in the background, in the Italian situation. This is a resolution reported to have been passed, a short time ago, by the Executive Committee of the Italian Socialist party. The committee recommends that the party withdraw from the International Socialist Bureau and affiliate with the "Third International" recently founded by the Russian communists and revolutionary groups of other countries. A chief reason for this action is that the Allied Socialists in the old International are too lenient toward the nationalistic and imperialistic programmes of their governments. It does not seem possible, after this, that Italian opinion is now so united behind Orlando as we are told it is.

ONE significant fact about Mr. Wilson's opposition to Italian claims has been the way it has won support from the more liberal Republican Senators. Mr. Lodge, of course, seizes the opportunity to disagree with the President. But Senators Kenyon, Johnson and Borah have all backed him up emphatically. The President always has a good chance for support from the liberal Republicans when he is genuinely direct and democratic in his methods. The statement made by Mr. Borah puts the present controversy in a phrase. He says: "The question is not alone, should we recognize a secret treaty? But what would be a righteous settlement even if no treaty had been made?" If Mr. Borah would go one step farther along this line

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he would be recognizing that the United States does have an interest in the "righteous settlement" of political problems everywhere—because on that settlement hangs our hope for future peace—and that it is for just this reason we are now proposing to abandon our isolation and assume a full share of responsibility in the world's politics.

NOT much light is thrown on Allied policy in Russia by the statement which Mr. Herbert Hoover has made. The associated governments, he says, are cooperating with a neutral commission to feed Russia, on three conditions. First, the enterprise is to imply no negotiations between the Allies and "the government of Russia" (a slip of the pen?). Second, the neutral commission must be strong enough to guarantee justice of distribution, regardless of class distinctions. Third, the Bolsheviki are to "keep themselves within a circumscribed area, ceasing all military action and attempts at invasion."—A good many doubts remain. Where is the circumscribed area? Will the Kolchak and Denikin armies be free to advance into it, if the Bolsheviki do cease all military action? If so, then doubtless the Bolsheviki will choose to get along without Allied food. We need to be told, too, what is to happen outside the circumscribed area. Are Kolchak and Denikin to receive Allied munitions? Are they to receive Allied recognition? Because extreme reaction is preferable to extreme radicalism?

IT is hard to believe that the recent victories of the anti-Bolshevik forces in Russia foreshadow the overthrow of the Soviets by force of arms. The Poles are in Vilna; but Vilna is 500 miles from Moscow, and no part of a natural line of defense. Kolchak's Cossacks are in Uralsk and Sterlitamak; but the first of these cities is 650 miles from Moscow—and the second, almost 800. It is not Kolchak's armies but the Allied governments that have it in their power to do Central Russia good or evil. To remove all threat of military intervention, to withdraw troops, to refuse munitions to counter-revolutionists as well as revolutionists, to permit all Russia to import the manufactures and raw materials it needs—these are measures more promising than Cossack armies that will themselves disintegrate if they succeed in marching westward.

THE weakness of Allied policy in Russia—and in Germany—is disclosed by the manner in which the Supreme Economic Council has revised its policy of blockade. The Associated Press reports that shipments of raw materials and manufactures, other than re-export commodities, are now authorized without license formalities to all countries "not including Germany and Bolshevik Russia." If this is indeed to be the policy of the Supreme Economic Council, then that policy seems blind to simple truths. The world is on fire, we are told. The flame must be put out. How? By pouring water on everything except the parts that are really burning? It is bad logic. Next to the shameful way in which food was so long withheld from Central Europe and Russia, the policy of holding back from Germany the materials she needs to stabilize her industrial life, under the only type of government with which we can deal, is the most short-sighted of many short-sighted actions at the Peace Conference.

THE special alliance which America was to make with France turns out to be pure invention. Mr. Wilson states definitely that no such alliance is to be considered. The League of Nations provides France with every guarantee of practical American support that a separate compact could give her. The reports of an alliance which were published in our newspapers were nothing but propaganda. Not propaganda manufactured by the newspaper correspondents, but propaganda fed to them in Paris. It is not the first time that an attempt has been made to force a decision by stating, beforehand, that it has already been made. That sort of propaganda was tried, successfully, when the question of sending troops to Russia came up, last summer. Are the current reports that the Allies have decided to recognize the Kolchak and Denikin governments another instance of the same method?

BELA KUN has so often been killed, put to flight, and restored to power by the newspaper correspondents that perhaps he has actually succeeded in getting a firm grip on the government at Budapest. No news is so unreliable as the news that comes from Hungary today. That is perhaps natural. News from Hungary has to come via circuitous channels. The information which today seems most accurate, simply because it is most often repeated, is that the Hungarian government wants peace with the Rumanians, Jugo-Slavs and Czecho-Slovaks who are threatening it. These people are still interested in boundaries. The Hungarians, for the moment at least, are less interested in boundaries then they are in socializing the land. It is a phenomenon we have seen once before, in Russia.

AMERICAN newspaper correspondents in Paris are again in rebellion. They want two privileges: to attend the sessions with the German delegates at Versailles, and to be permitted to talk with the spokesmen of the German delegation. Both privileges they should have. The first, probably, will not count for a great deal. Once before the American correspondents demanded admission to Peace Conference sessions. These were the sessions at the Quai d'Orsay. The correspondents got what they asked. But they got very little. The real work was never done at the Quai d'Orsay, but in private meetings of the Council of Four. Probably admission to the formal sessions at Versailles will be an equally empty privilege. But the second demand of the correspondents—for access to the German delegates—is more worth while. The American public ought to know what the Germans are thinking.

ASSOCIATED PRESS reports of the recent convention of French Socialists do not enable us to judge whether the party is recovering the unity it lost during the war. The convention demanded that excess profits made from the war be returned to the state, and that special taxes now be levied on railways, financial monopolies and concerns dealing in luxuries. But no report is given of a vote which really tested the party's solidarity.

AS a result of his controversy with the New York World, Mr. Burleson has had almost as much public attention as Fiume. The World asserts that one of its wires

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was refused transmission because it was critical of Mr. Burleson's career in office. Mr. Burleson replies that at no time has he directed that any matter offered for transmission be rejected. He also charges that there is a plot among the publishers to put him out of the way, in order to secure the repeal of the zone law which increased the rates on newspapers and magazines. In raising this counter-charge Mr. Burleson is obviously confusing the issue. His charge against the publishers has no bearing upon the three real offenses that should long ago have put him out of the Cabinet: suppression of free speech, inferior mail service, and an unfairness to his employees that is almost without parallel in the record of government officials.

IN its criticism of Mr. Burleson the New Republic has perhaps been as vigorous as any other periodical. The New Republic never published an article opposing the zone law when that measure was before Congress, never participated in the sending of a committee or a representative to Washington to oppose it, never criticized the law after it had been passed. In stating these facts we do not seek to put ourselves on a plane above any of Mr. Burleson's other critics. We state them simply to emphasize our belief that by talking about a publishers' plot Mr. Burleson cannot be rid of the charges that genuinely disqualify him.

WHILE Mr. Burleson has been carrying the fight to his critics, Congress has assaulted one of his business principles. The Joint Congressional Committee on Reclassification last week decided, in opposition to Mr. Burleson's theory, that collective bargaining by federal employees should be recognized. This is an important decision, even though its practical importance in this instance will be limited. To supervise the work of reclassifying federal employees there will be established committees of three: one member representing the department, one the employees, and one the committee.

THE New York Call prints a report on wages in Massachusetts which, it says, is the result of a state investigation. This report shows that of the five hundred thousand men who were employed in the industries of the state, in 1917, more than half got a wage that was below $20 a week. Nine per cent of them got as little as $12. As for the women—of the two hundred thousand in industry less than *one per cent* got as much as $25 a week, and almost *a third* were working for less than $10. Think what these figures really mean; put them alongside the National Industrial Conference Board's estimate that the cost of living in the United States rose 61 per cent between July, 1914, and March, 1919; and you will realize how superfluous are a few sensational Bolshevik pamphlets, when it comes to making dissatisfied citizens.

AFTER a long wait we are at last given an American definition of Bolshevism. The Boston News Bureau of the Wall Street Journal is talking about the telephone girls who believe their union power can make them "dictators as to their wages and conditions." The time may come, says the Bureau, when "enforceable legislation" will make the engineer at the locomotive throttle and the telephone employee at the switchboard "necessary parts of our national defense and subject to the same rules as other organized bodies set in the national defense lines." Without stopping to explain how this order of things differs from slavery, the Bureau proceeds to a definition of Bolshevism: "Where the will of the worker is against the will of the owner or of the public, the will of the worker, by count of noses, prevails. That is Bolshevism, the will of the majority."

A PLAN of social reconstruction has been recommended by the War Council of the Catholic Church. It begins by declaring that labor should have the right to organize and to bargain collectively with employers, and that there ought to be no general wage reductions. It then proceeds to taxation. Our war debt, says the Council, constitutes a particular reason why incomes and excess profits should continue to be heavily taxed. "In this way, two important ends will be obtained: the poor will be relieved of injurious tax burdens, and the small class of specially privileged capitalists will be compelled to return a part of their unearned gains to society."

AN extraordinary statement for an agency of the Catholic Church to make? The Council goes further. "The full possibilities of increased production will not be realized," it says, "so long as the majority of workers remain mere wage earners. The majority must somehow become owners, or at least in part, of the instruments of production. . . . However slow the attainment of these ends, they will have to be reached before we can have a thoroughly efficient system of production or an industrial social order that will be secure from the danger of revolution."

HOW rapidly are returning soldiers and released war workers displacing women from industry? Among the few data we have there is one partially complete investigation from which to judge, made by the New York State Bureau of Women in Industry. This is a study of 177 plants that have employed 25,000 women, about half of whom had taken men's places. The Bureau reports that four plants out of five intend to keep part of their women employees and more than half will keep them all. Women, then, have been a success? A great success. Only seven per cent of them are receiving as high pay as men employed on similar work. That so many of these women are being retained by their employers is a new warning that women must have immediate protection against exploitation.

"SOCIALISTIC" will be the term used by many people to characterize a report made to Governor Smith by the New York State Reconstruction Commission. The Commission finds that private enterprise will not be able to meet the demands of men who want work—because businessmen and consumers are both waiting for a possible decline in prices before spending money; because there is doubt as to the effect of the peace treaty on world trade; and because present construction costs and the absorption of funds by liberty bonds make it difficult to obtain mortgage loans. The Commission therefore makes what in these days is the socialistic suggestion that men must have work to live, and that if private enterprise cannot furnish work, the state must. It accordingly proposes a programme of public works. Part of this programme can be put into effect by executive action. Part of it needs legislative action. But the State Legislature, as the result of a political row, stands adjourned.

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Go Through With It Now

THE amended Covenant is published at a moment when one great Power is attempting to reject the terms accepted in the armistice, and another great Power, Japan, is threatening to quit the Conference, if it is compelled to execute the solemn promise it made publicly to the world on entering the war. In the case of Italy the demand for Fiume is in excess of a treaty which was technically secret, which actually violates a later and a public promise made by the Italian government. In the case of Japan, no violation of the terms of the armistice is involved, but there is a clear breaking of the pledge made when Japan entered the war. The significance of the Covenant will be judged by the action taken in these two cases.

Japan and Italy are permanent members of the Council. Under the Covenant they are assigned an immense role in the regulation of the world's affairs. Therefore, their action now, and the action of France, Britain and America is the crucial test of the intention of the League. The world will look not so much to the text of the Covenant, as to the behavior of those who have been its authors and will be its masters.

Opinion may differ as to the structure of the League. The guaranty in Article Ten is in our opinion a dangerous one. The absence of an advisory body drawn from the legislatures may seriously impair the smooth working of the project. But neither criticism is of sufficient weight to justify rejection of an experiment which bears on the face of it so large a promise of security. It is not the fact of the document which counts. It is the good faith of the great Powers which counts.

Those who care for realities will at this time urge the President to stand unflinchingly on principle in the Italian and the Japanese controversies. Possibly such a stand will result in the withdrawal of Japan and Italy from the League. It will be a terrible pity if this is the outcome. But it will mean simply that these two Powers have chosen not to qualify for membership because they have, in the words of the Covenant, failed to give effective guarantees of their "sincere intention to observe international obligations." This possibility must be faced. It is better to face it now than later, better to acknowledge disappointment today than to destroy the whole moral credit of the League by inaugurating it on broken pledges.

If as a result the League is reduced to the British empire, France, the United States and some of the smaller Powers, what it loses in numbers it will gain in conviction. A League which rests on the promise of its members would achieve nothing except in appearance by including states who treat their promises lightly. Safer to know what we can really count on than to proceed on pretense. A limited League, if it must be that, will at least be a rallying point for men. Its influence will be greater than its jurisdiction. For in a world distraught, as ours is, men long for proof of sincerity and courage and consecration to ideas as they long for no other thing in politics. That is why the President's statement about Fiume, costly and dangerous as it was, has done so much to vindicate those who argue to the peoples of Europe that they should look to Paris and not to Moscow for their faith.

Open Diplomacy at Last

THE diplomats affect to see a dangerous and shocking innovation in the President's public statement on Fiume and the Adriatic question. This was a matter still under discussion in the Peace Conference. The Italian representatives were doing their best to arrive at a formula that would satisfy the national aspirations of Italy and also meet the conditions of a liberal peace. Suddenly, and without warning, if diplomatic intimations of Italian origin are to be taken at par value, the President removed the matter from the hands of the negotiators and appealed to the public opinion of Italy over the heads of the Italian plenipotentiaries, and to the public opinion of the world over the head of the Conference as a whole. For the Italian plenipotentiaries nothing remained but to return to Italy and demand a show of support on the part of the nation. For the Peace Conference a dangerous precedent had been set. Before it concludes its labors other occasions may arise in which President Wilson may prefer to appeal to the public opinion of the world. In the circumstances, what is the profit from compromise and conciliation?

This is the conventional diplomatic comment on the President's action. But those who offer it are disregarding the fact that the peace conferees are not engaged in a conventional diplomatic transaction. For good or for evil, they entered the Conference, not as gods, free to make or break nations according to their untrammelled will, but as men bound by an international obligation to which they freely subscribed. They had pledged themselves to draw up a peace corresponding to certain principles. Historians may quarrel over the quality of those principles. They may call them too abstract, too idealistic, too advanced for the present state of the world. Nevertheless those principles, by the fact of their incorporation in the armistice agreement, exchanged their character of aspirations for that of definite items in an international contract. A peace which departed from those principles would be an everlasting dishonor to the Conference

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and to all who participated in it and acquiesced in its decisions. It would especially dishonor President Wilson who not only formulated the principles, but in the capacity of spokesman of the Allied governments guaranteed their good faith. Is President Wilson now exhibiting an uncompromising spirit? He must, unless he wishes to go down to history paired with Bethmann-Hollweg as a depreciator of " scraps of paper."

Whether or not the President was justified in making his position known to the general public turns upon two considerations. Was the Italian claim to Fiume wholly inadmissible, and if so was it impossible that the plenipotentiaries would abandon that claim without pressure from outside?

The first question is easily answered. On the principle of nationality the city of Fiume might properly be awarded to Italy. But Italy does not want Fiume alone, as a tiny enclave surrounded by alien territory. Italy wants Fiume and enough of the back country to make a practicable administrative area, and to establish contiguity with the Italian lands of western Istria. But that involves throwing the frontier back to another line of mountain crests and the placing under the Italian flag of over 125,000 Croats, to the 30,000 or 40,000 Italians redeemed. Let us remember that in accepting the Italian claim to Julian Venetia, President Wilson has already strained the nationality principle as far as it will go without breaking. The Italians are to get the administrative district of Gorizia, with 70,000 Slovenes to less than three thousand Italians. The reason for this is that the whole of Julian Venetia must be treated as a unit from a military and economic point of view, and as a whole exhibits Italian preponderance. Fiume and the adjacent territories, treated in the same way, are overwhelmingly Slavic. The President could not consent to their annexation by Italy without stultifying and dishonoring himself.

But did not Orlando and Sonnino realize that President Wilson could not possibly admit their designs upon Fiume? Did they not realize that unless they surrendered they would sooner or later have to face just such a situation as they are now facing? Of course they realized this. They now assert that they did not see President Wilson's statement before it was made public. That is immaterial. They knew what it would contain. They preferred the present crisis to the sort of crisis that would have arisen in Italy if Fiume had been given up with their apparent consent.

Before the war there was never anything like a significant irredentist movement in Fiume. The Italian population wanted a maximum of autonomy under the Hungarian kingdom; they had no expectation that they could be annexed to Italy. In Italy itself there was no demand for Fiume except among the few Old Roman imperialists. But under four years of annexationist propaganda the Italian public, or at least the more articulate part of it, has come to believe that immense gains would accrue to Italy from the exclusive control of the upper Adriatic. Orlando and Sonnino are in large part responsible for the propagation of this delusion. They have held up an Italian Adriatic as the reward for the efforts and sufferings involved in Italian belligerency. They can not of their own volition repudiate the promises they have given. But if they are forced to abandon them by the superior force of America, they may still escape the political destruction that hangs over them. Italy against the world is a watchword they can use to great advantage.

In appealing to the public opinion of the world, then, President Wilson was not availing himself of an ill-considered innovation. It was the one way out of the deadlock, for himself as well as for the Italian statesmen. If there is anything to be regretted in the matter, it is that President Wilson did not decide upon this course earlier. Peace might have been won sooner; and a better peace. Yet the President's action does not come too late to renew the hope that the Peace Conference will in the end arrive at a solution corresponding with the liberal principles accepted at the outset.

The Poisonous Treaty

DURING the war whenever anyone said that the secret treaties were hurting the Allied cause he was regarded as slightly disloyal. Whoever asked for an open statement of Allied war aims as a method of superseding the secret treaties was supposed to be playing the Kaiser's game. Perhaps now it is well to recall the incidents if only to drive home the lesson that secret ambitions at variance with the professed claims of the Allies have been a dangerous poison from the first, came near to making Germany victorious and threaten now to nullify the victory.

Italy entered the war in the spring of 1915 after several months of bargaining with the Allies and the Germans. The Treaty of London was written upon the insistence of Allied military men who demanded the Italian divisions. The Treaty assigned to Italy territory inhabited by Germans, South Slavs, and Greeks. Now it is important to remember that the war started as a result of the revolutionary movement in southern Austria which threatened to disintegrate the Dual Monarchy and close Germany's road to an empire in Asia Minor. The Southern Slavs were of the highest strategic importance. They were anti-Hapsburg and anti-

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German, and if their territory could be held for the Allies, Middle Europe would collapse, the blockade of the Central Powers would be complete, Rumania's entrance into the war would be hastened, Bulgaria would be forced at least to neutrality, German assistance to Turkey would be stopped, and the Allies would have both land and sea communications to Russia. No piece of territory in all Europe mattered more to the Allies than that of the Jugoslavs. And the Jugoslavs, striving for union with the Serbs, looked upon the Allies as liberators. The military control of Jugoslavia was a key of the eastern war.

This was perfectly well known to many men in the Allied countries. Unluckily it was not well understood either by the generals or the diplomats, and by a terrible miscalculation they assumed that the immediate assistance of the Italian army was indispensable. They were willing to pay any price for it, and so they signed the secret treaty. This treaty was a secret only to the Allied peoples. It was immediately known in Austria, and the terms of it were placarded by Austria in every garrison where Jugoslav troops were quartered. These troops had been mutinous; they were hostile to Austria-Hungary. But when they saw the terms of the treaty they concluded that an Allied victory meant dismemberment, whereas an Austrian victory meant integrity even if it denied them independence. They knew that once their territory got into the hands of a victorious Italy it was lost forever, while Austria was in any case rattling to its destruction. So when the Italian armies attacked they encountered Slav troops fighting for their homes, not revolutionists who welcomed them.

But the mischief went further. The blow at the Jugoslavs demoralized the hard-pressed Serbians and the rest of the Treaty inflamed Greece by threatening her unity in northern Epirus. After that Allied policy in the Balkans was doomed to disaster. Had the Jugoslavs been guaranteed their national territory it would have been possible to negotiate successfully with Bulgaria because the justice of the Macedonian claim could have been taken into account. But when the Allies had signed away the coast of Jugoslavia they could not ask Serbia to renounce Macedonia. The Germans could, and Serbia was caught in the rear. Nor was Venizelos able at the time to overcome King Constantine, for the pro-German propaganda in Greece thrived on denunciation of the treaty which had assigned Greek lands in Epirus and the purely Greek islands of the Dodecanese to Italy.

So Greece was torn by civil war, Serbia abandoned, Bulgaria won to the Central Powers, Turkey salvaged, Russia bottled up, and Austria's integrity preserved. It was a high price to pay for Italy's ambitions, and it was to go higher.

In the autumn of 1916 the Balkan debacle was completed by the collapse of Rumania as a result of treachery at the Russian court. The defeat of Russia in the summer of 1915 had been assisted considerably by the release of Austro-Hungarian troops due to the fact that the Italian front had ceased to be a liability when the Slav soldiers showed a willingness to fight. Then the peace manoeuvres of 1916 began.

It was clear to anyone that the Allied cause was shaken and that only a new enthusiasm by the warring peoples could save a desperate situation. In the Allied answer to President Wilson in January, 1917, an attempt to associate the Allied cause with a revolt of the Austrian peoples was made. Once again the poison of imperialist ambitions thwarted the Allies. Tsarist Russia refused to recognize the Poles, and Italy holding to her treaty, forced an absurd blunder in regard to the Jugoslavs. The Joint Note demanded "the liberation of the Italians as also of the *Slavs,* Rumanians, and Czechoslovaks from foreign domination." "*Slavs*" should have read Southern Slavs, for the Czechoslovaks are also Slavs, but the word Southern was omitted because of Italy. The Allies would not speak frankly because of the secret treaty, and so they could not deal openly with the people they half intended to liberate.

It is no secret that the Allies were on the edge of defeat when a few months later Russia had its first revolution and America entered the war. Throughout 1917 the morale of the Allies was dangerously low, and everywhere men were calling for a restatement of Allied war aims. Kerensky in Russia especially needed it, because the Russian democracy refused to fight, refused even to stay in the war for the secret treaties. The Italian treaty made such a restatement impossible, because, after the Russian revolution, there were no other ambitions which could not bear examination in the light of day. Neither England nor France had demanded anything which could not either be revealed or renounced in the interest of Allied victory. The refusal to restate the aims made the Reichstag Majority resolution extraordinarily effective in Russia and helped the Bolshevist revolution.

The Treaty of London has done incalculable damage to the Allied cause. The blood of thousands of men is upon it. Let no one say that this is an afterthought. The movement to revise the Treaty was continual throughout 1918, and was supported by Italian deputies, newspapers, and even by Signor Orlando himself. The Corriera della Sera of Milan, the Secolo, the Messagero, the Rome Congress of the Oppressed Nationalities of Austria-Hungary, the Torre-Trumbic pact, the two

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declarations of the Versailles council, and the September communiqué of the Italian government are all landmarks in the struggle to bring Italy to a recognition of her proper role in the Adriatic.

The lesson of the whole wretched business is that in war diplomacy cannot be separated from strategy, that a mere military victory not based on a sound political programme can achieve neither victory nor peace. Those who said that the professed purposes of the Allies were an asset and the secret purposes a dangerous liability are today unhappily vindicated beyond all further dispute, and the Peace Conference which was to make a new future for mankind is threatened with failure and even a new war as disgraceful as anything in the sordid history of Balkan diplomacy.

Right in Spite of Itself

LAST session of Congress we had a fine exhibition of Bourbonism. The Senate knew that woman suffrage was coming. They knew that it was an irresistible political development, a fundamental democratic revision. They knew that back of it in calm America was the expressed will of millions. And yet, secure in their office, riveted in their obstinacy, the old-timers and the old-liners, with one or two mavericks like Borah, threw the amendment out of Congress.

It is impossible to speak respectfully of this opposition. There was little real argument in the debates. There were silly speeches in which the womankind of America were put off with a gift of candy and flowers. There was a vast amount of tribal superstition and stupidity, with various examples of the impatience, the intolerance, the petulance, of sedentary elderly men. The veil was lifted on dear habit and provincialism and the fear and hatred of extensive change. From barnacles like Mr. Bankhead this might not be surprising, but it drew a fresh line around the inherent limitations of a man with the ostensible locomotive powers of Mr. Lodge. The old guard was an instance of true reactionaries naturally selected.

That old guard is defeated. The National Suffrage Association, denying itself the luxury of revenge and spite, went ahead with its patient policy of state enfranchisement and in the last three months has secured the one weapon it needed. Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Minnesota, Vermont, Missouri, Wisconsin and Tennessee have followed the lead of four other states in extending presidential suffrage, and there are now 29 states in which women are voters. With a tactical defeat in Florida which is really a strategic victory, these recent successes give to suffrage a sufficient access of the power required for dealing with the Senate. Barring accidents, the minority can no longer nullify the amendment.

This victory should be reaped in the approaching extra session of Congress. It will be the reward of an agitation that has never lost its resolution in the face of endless defeats, frustrations and postponements. With steady courage, courage never proportioned to popularity or to hope, the suffragists have pursued their constitutional course against the contempt, the indifference, the lukewarm tolerance of the great body of American men and even women. By slowly amassing their conversions and using the gain in one state as a lever on the next, the women of the United States were first enlisted, and then the men came into line. The last conquest has been Congress, unwilling Congress, where the special aim of the Senate seems to be this: always to retain for the present the outgrown standards of the past and thereby to do everything in its power to convert agitations into revolutions.

The Lynching Evil

SINCE 1889 over three thousand men and women have been put to death by mobs. That is a number comparable with that of authentic executions under the Red Terror in Russia. No other civilized state exhibits so shameful a record of lawlessness through a period of internal peace. And if we take into account the brutality with which the decrees of "mob law" have been executed, we have to go beyond the Red Terror to the Balkan and Armenian massacres to find a parallel. We are a nation disgraced; and the disgrace deepens year by year. In the last twelve months a hundred persons have been lynched, and in as outrageous circumstances as are known to our history.

Lynching, we used to be told, was the only method of dealing with the crime of rape or attempted rape. Legal execution did not afford a sufficiently effective deterrent. But of the persons who have perished at the hands of American mobs since 1889, less than thirty per cent were ever accused of this crime. How large a proportion of these were innocent can not be known, but not a year passes without some instances of the killing of persons later known to be innocent. We used to be told that lynching was a matter of race. It is, prevailingly, but over one-fifth of the victims are white. We used to be told that lynching was a sectional matter. It is, prevailingly, but the North and West lynched 219 and 156 persons respectively. Lynching is an infection. It rages most virulently where two races occupy the same soil. But it is trans-

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missible to any part of the country where the feeling of a majority can be sufficiently aroused against a helpless minority. The lynching of negroes in East St. Louis helped to create the medium in which the lynching of Prager, wrongly suspected of disloyalty, was possible.

The people of America can not tolerate longer this most hideous crime against law and democracy. There can be no disagreement as to the object to be attained: every person accused of whatever crime, must be accorded fair trial. What is not clear is the method of attaining this object. The problem is one that taxes the best abilities of the leaders of public opinion throughout the country. There are signs that they are at work on it. One of the most significant of these is the call for a National Conference on Lynching, to be held on May 5th and 6th. The signers of the call are fairly representative of the best citizenship of the country.

It is to be hoped that the conference will address itself seriously to the problem: How can lynchers be deprived of the immunity from punishment that, more than anything else accounts for the prevalence of the evil? Must we continue to guide ourselves by the fiction that such criminals can be brought to justice by the local authorities, when in the nature of the case grand jurors and often the officers of the law are likely to be implicated in the crime, or at least related by ties of blood or friendly association to the persons charged with the crime? Or shall we be forced to recognize that lynching is a crime that flatly challenges the authority of the state and the nation, just as rebellion challenges that authority? Until we do recognize this, and devise appropriate means for vindicating the sovereignty of the state and nation, we shall find progress dishearteningly slow.

The Tie That Binds

SUPPOSE Mr. Burleson, either on his own initiative or Mr. Wilson's, were actually to leave the Cabinet. Would the country gain as mightily as we are told it would? Have Mr. Burleson's critics thought their agitation through to an end? Do they see its full consequence?

Consider, for a moment, who it is that wants Mr. Burleson to go.

The business men, because he has destroyed the efficiency of the postal service; the trade unionists, because he has fought the interests of organized labor; the owners of telegraph lines, because he has shut them out from their own companies; the users of telegraph lines, because he has raised the rates on messages; the operators of telegraph lines, because he has raised rates without raising wages; the publishers of great periodicals, because he has backed the zone law; the mail carriers and mail sorters and mail collectors, because he has backed the non-living wage; the residents of large cities, because he has taken away pneumatic mail tubes; the residents of small cities, because he has taken away prompt railway connections; the Republicans, because he is a political messenger in the lobbies of Congress; the Democrats, because he is a drag on the party's chances for 1920; the Socialists, because he is a suppressor of free speech; the I. W. W., because he refuses to carry their literature—

You cannot dodge the conclusion. Today, when empires are splitting apart, when vast territories are torn into angry clans, when brother greets brother with a machine gun—what force is it that keeps these forty-eight states of ours together, a cohesive whole, a single union, now and forever, one and inseparable? What force prompts capitalist to grasp the hand of laborer, Republican to take common counsel with Socialist? What bond unites trade unionist and banker? What common grief keeps I. W. W. from leaping for the throat of broker? The country rises, rises unanimously, rises, and like the Germans of 1914, cries: "We have one bond and one alone—getting rid of Burleson!"

Let the agitators take heed. Let them, while there is yet time, beware. Lest like Samson, they pull down upon our heads the mighty temple of our progenitors.

The Seamen's Act

SOME statistics which the Shipping Board has just published make it possible to test out a bold and striking theory which the framers of the Seamen's law put on our statute books four years ago. The statistics are contained in a report of the Marine and Dock Industrial Relations Division of the Shipping Board, a division which, under the capable direction of former Governor Bass of New Hampshire, has been able to combine to a notable degree the rapid judgment and prompt action essential in labor administration during war, with a farsighted thoroughness which will count for much in the coming times of peace. The statistics are carefully and conservatively presented, without a suspicion of bias. They tend strongly to prove that the theory embodied in the Seamen's law is sound and that in this respect the law has been an aid rather than a detriment to American shipping.

Andrew Furuseth, the President of the International Seamen's Union, and the man who persuaded Congress to pass the Seamen's act, had for twenty years been preaching the theory of the in-

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ternational equalization of seamen's wages. The theory is a simple one. Unless in some manner restrained, a seaman will normally leave a ship which pays low wages whenever it puts into a port in which higher wages prevail. To keep him, the ship with the cheap crew will need to raise its scale of wages to the level prevailing in the port. Hence the natural tendency of seamen's wages is toward equalization, regardless of flag or trade. But countries accustomed to a lower standard of life have interfered with this normal tendency by making it a penal offence for a seaman to leave his ship in a foreign port, and the United States has aided and abetted these countries by entering into treaties which bind the American authorities to arrest deserters from foreign ships and compel them by force to serve out their terms at the low wages of the foreign flag. This policy has made it possible for ships of European flags to shield their inferior standard of living from the higher standard in American ports, and by cheapness of operation to underbid the American shipowner and drive him off the seas. Mr. Furuseth's remedy was to repeal the laws and abrogate the treaties which penalized desertion in American ports, and to finance the deserter's search for a new job by giving every seaman in port a right to demand one-half the wages then earned. As a result, every foreign ship touching an American port would face the alternative of raising its wages or losing its crew, and the American standard of life would in time dominate the commerce of the world.

Furuseth's prophecy has in fact come true. In 1911, the last year for which official statistics were available, British wages for seamen and firemen ranged from $20 to $25 a month, while American wages ranged from $30 to $50 for the same employment. Wages of other European maritime nations were even lower than the British. By the end of 1918, the American rate had risen to $75 a month for both seamen and firemen. To compare this rate with wages of foreign ships in the same trade, Governor Bass's assistants examined the shipping articles of a large number of foreign ships clearing from New York in the month of December, 1918. England is of course our most important competitor. Of the twenty-one British ships whose shipping articles were analyzed, seven had hired all or a part of their crews in New York, and of these seven all but one were paying the American rate of $75 a month. The other fourteen had hired their crews in England, and were paying the British rate, namely $57.50 for seamen, and $60 for firemen plus a bonus in each case of $15 a month—a total wage of $72.50 for seamen and $75 for firemen.

Norway is the next most important competitor. On each of the eight Norwegian ships clearing in December, both seamen and firemen were paid the American scale in dollars. Of the six Danish vessels four paid the American rate in dollars. Of the four Swedish ships analyzed, three paid the American rate in dollars; the two Danish and one Swedish vessels which paid wages in Kroner paid a wage which, at par of exchange, would equal about $21, plus a bonus ranging from 120 to 140 per cent.

Two conclusions may be drawn from these figures. Great Britain, our principal competitor, has been forced to raise her wage scale virtually to the American level. The Scandinavian countries, which have not yet raised their wage scale to the American level, have in fifteen out of the eighteen cases analyzed, been compelled either to ship American crews at American wages, or to re-ship their own crews at American wages. The American wage scale does, in fact, appear to dominate the commerce of the world.

The result has been to place American seamen and American shipowners in a better position than any they have occupied since the Civil War. Wages have increased, not only absolutely, but in relation to purchasing power—for seamen in the trans-Atlantic trade the increase in wages since 1914 has been 164 per cent, and for firemen 89 per cent. This means, according to Governor Bass's report, an increase in purchasing power (after allowing for the increased cost of living), of 38 per cent for seamen and 5.4 per cent for firemen. Wages are high enough now to attract the best type of American labor. Yet as compared with foreign vessels, the cost of operating American ships is relatively cheaper than before the war. These facts should be remembered when the agitation for the repeal of the Seamen's law begins again, at the next session of Congress.

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Poland as Barrier

AS I write, the Polish Constituent Assembly is engaged in discussing two resolutions which express the will of the Polish nation to conclude an alliance and a military convention with the Powers of the Entente. London seems incredibly far away and New York as distant as the next century. It is not easy to bring this resolution into any relation with the projects of disarmament and a League of Nations which still, one gathers, occupy public opinion at home. For the average educated Pole the League of Nations is at best a doubtful dream. The reality is that Poland finds herself engaged in a sort of war on four fronts. Lemberg is still bombarded by the Ukrainians. Czechs and Poles face each other in Silesia across guarded lines on the scene of recent battles. In Posen an occasional shell arrives from the German guns, though the infantry refuses to attack. In the east, the Polish outposts skirmish with small bands of Bolsheviki, and await the threatened offensive in the spring. Talk to a Pole of the League of Nations, and he will answer that the idea is alluring, but will it guard his four frontiers? One retorts that the Supreme Allies in Paris have also been singularly powerless to stop these frontier struggles. He has his answer. The Czechs, as everyone in Warsaw believes, have already a firm military alliance with France, if not with the Entente as a whole. Revelations which seem to be authentic disclose a similar relation between the Ukraine and Paris. "If we have fared ill," argue the Poles, "it is because there is still something ambiguous in our position. We are not formally included in the Alliance. Let us make our entry, and then all will be well."

On public occasions it is of the Entente that the Poles are accustomed to speak. In private they talk only of France. They propose to place themselves under the supreme command of Marshal Foch, and expect the early arrival of a French staff to instruct and in effect to control the Polish army. The idea of a military convention is universally accepted. The Left makes some reserves about the French command, but in the debate there was little or nothing to distinguish the speech of the Socialist orator Daezynski from that of M. Paderewski himself. Poland has accepted the role which Allied oratory and the Allied press assign to her. She is to be the "barrier" of "civilization" against Germany on the one hand and Russia on the other. Whether the actual military convention will specifically pledge her to act against Russia, as well as against Germany, is not yet known. In any event she receives her place in the ring of little states, which are to receive their marching orders from Paris. Germany will once again adjust herself to the old prospect of a war on both fronts, and the Poles proudly prepare themselves for the role of "barrier" that has been assigned to them. The magic of the old Napoleonic tradition still works, and Polish families count with immense satisfaction the ancestors who were loyal even at Leipzig. The youth of Poland is not fatigued by years of war as the rest of Europe is. Its romantic impulse is unsatisfied, and Poland aspires to play her part in Europe—even the part of a barrier.

One cannot live for a month among this gentle and hospitable people without acquiring a keen sympathy for them. In me it works critically. This role which the Allies propose—or the only Ally with whom men seem to reckon here—may seem to the Poles an honor. To me it rings like a doom. Five and twenty millions of Poles amply provided with the causes, if not with the means, of strife are to face sixty million Germans in the west and a hundred million Russians in the east. The last intention which Nature was aware of, when Poland emerged from the glaciers, was to make of it a barrier. From Germany, across the whole land inhabited by Poles, stretches an almost featureless plain. A more dreary and monotonous landscape in winter I have never seen. The Russians in their barbaric way were right. The only way to make an effective barrier of Poland is to devastate it, as they devastated its eastern region. If the Poles realize their plans, that pitiable defense is gone. The legendary Polish mud will be traversed by causeways. Railways will lead to every lonely village. Canals will drain the waterlogged soil, and even the famous marshes of the Pripet will be dry. Such a Poland would be no barrier, but rather a broad highway. Then of course it is the manhood of Poland which will be the wall? The French are good instructors. If one assumes that a partly ruined France can afford to create a modern army in Poland, with all the necessary fortifications and war-industries, the thing can in time be done—always provided that Poland receives her naval port at Danzig, and, on either side of the roads that lead to it, controls no mere "corridor" but a broad defensible territory.

Let no one suppose, however, that the creation of this Polish army will be morally or materially an easy task. Today this army lacks for everything. I saw two companies at Pinsk march out against the Bolsheviki. It was night; a bitter east

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wind was blowing, and the tread of the men rang on ground frozen by many degrees of frost. They had no great-coats and no blankets. Some had no uniforms, and some had no shirts. Their rifles were of three patterns. Their rations were one tin of soup, a little bread and a little substitute-coffee daily. Morally the army for all its superb patriotism is somewhat divided. One school, the young democratic element, trained in General Pilsudski's Legion, fought on the side of the Central Powers, because for them Tsarist Russia was the enemy of enemies. The senior officers, however, for the most part are Poles from beyond the borders, sons of landowning families, who made a military career in the Russian army. They are steeped in Russian traditions of discipline, imbued with the Russian aristocrat's attitude towards the peasant and the private, disposed to intervene in strikes with the knout. They have in a word the mind of the "White Guards." Two years ago these Legionaries and these Russo-Polish officers were facing each other in the trenches at Pinsk. Today they are creating a Polish army. One school or the other will dominate.

What next is the economic plight of this people which is invited to make of itself a rampart? Its industry stands still. The cotton mills of Lodz have been idle for four years. On the books of the labor exchanges there are already of unemployed urban workers and their dependents a quarter or even a third of the population of the towns. Food prices have risen from ten to twelve times. Wages have risen from four to five times. The most careful calculation which sociologists and doctors can make goes to show that, for a family of five, food alone ought to cost, for bare subsistence, 17 to 20 marks daily. That calculation includes neither meat nor butter, neither tea nor coffee. Add a matter of 5 marks for other needs (heat, light, clothes, rent) and one reaches a total of 25 marks for daily needs. The unskilled laborer in the towns earns at most 15 marks. It is only the most highly paid individuals in the most skilled trades who ever reach this minimum of 25 marks. The unemployed may buy bread, potatoes and fuel with their daily dole of 5 marks for a maximum family, but that is all that they can buy. A temporary condition, you will say? But some of the factories are destroyed, as much by Russians as by Germans. Week by week returning prisoners, deportees and seasonal workers pour back from Russia and from Germany. They crowd together in any available shelter, dirty, unclad, half-fed, and typhus takes its toll. Their numbers will add hundreds of thousands yet to the total of the unemployed.

There is in "Congress" Poland itself enough or nearly enough food to go round, if the administration were strong enough to deal with the hoarder and the profiteer. Across the River Bug the hungry country begins and stretches eastwards till it melts into the misery of Russia. I have travelled across it slowly from Brest-Litovsk to Pinsk. Half of Brest, and a large but as yet uncounted number of villages are burned down. The thing was done in malice rather than from any strategical idea. The Russians left their immense barracks at Brest intact, but they burned the Jewish quarter. This whole region is starving. Far back in Poland we met peasants from villages across the Bug, who had made a two days' journey in the unspeakable discomfort of military trains to buy flour, unobtainable nearer home. At Pinsk almost every shop is closed. Of five cooperative stores one only is open. I looked into its empty barrels. It had literally nothing to sell but salt. Bread, of the blackest and heaviest, costs from 5 to 9 "Tsar's" roubles the pound, and even then is nearly unobtainable (the "Nicholas" rouble in Pinsk is worth 1½ marks.) Even the orphanage and alms house of the Jewish community were without bread, and trembling old women, like gibbering Homeric ghosts, glided round us, so light they seemed, crying and murmuring that they were cold. The famine-stricken fall dead in the street. I saw two corpses that had fallen close by, an hour before, skeletons half covered with rags. The barrier reels with hunger; these skeletons are the stones of the rampart.

Note, moreover, that this eastern zone, which is the barrier against Russia, is not even Polish. The Polish minority is a mere fraction. The town population is chiefly Jewish. The peasants are Ukrainians, or "White" Russians. The Polish garrison has no illusions about the attitude of these races. The few Ukrainian "intellectuals" are mostly in prison. The Jews have had to remove all Hebrew inscriptions from their buildings. By way of securing themselves against a hostile population, the military seem to have no expedient but force.

The real Poland, the true Pole will tell you, is neither in the borderland, nor yet in the towns. The peasants are the Polish nation. I have been in the villages, and though they have a bare sufficiency of coarse food their discontent is even more active than that of the townsmen. The Polish rural laborer is housed, each family in one room, in a four-room house. The floor is usually of beaten clay. The ground round the houses is something between a morass and a dung heap. The pig sleeps with the family at night for fear of robbers. Sanitation there is none. The money wages may reach the magnificent sum of eighty marks a year—which in these days would buy two shirts.

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There is, of course, in addition some payment in kind—grain, potatoes and pasturage for a cow—but there is also the obligation to find or to hire a youth as assistant laborer. It rarely happens in these days that the milk or butter from that cow can be spared for the laborer's children. The case of the peasant who owns a small but insufficient holding is in some ways rather worse. He goes out as a day-laborer at 1½ marks a day, and there is no extra payment in kind for him. The explanation of these conditions is simple. Poland is overpopulated, and in spite of the immense seasonal migration in normal times to Germany, and the permanent emigration to both Americas, the landlord has always had a teeming labor-market at his command. The peasant with a dwarf-holding is even more easily exploited than his landless brother, for he is tied to his plot of ground.

The countryside has been in ferment since the Germans marched away last November. Organized by the Peasants' party (Populists), a vigorous radical class-organization, the rural workers, small holders and landless laborers alike, have acted boldly and acted together. At first they concentrated on a demand for a "war bonus"—a lump sum usually fixed at 300 marks (£6 at the present exchange) which would bring them some small share of the landowner's war time prosperity, and enable them to buy a few clothes or boots. Many of them received a fraction of what they asked. Then came a whole series of more constructive demands, for a 600 mark yearly money wage, for two-room cottages, for the abolition of the hired assistant system, for free schools and free medical attendance. Strikes have been continuous all over the country, but since the strikers could rarely bring themselves to neglect the landlord's cattle, a strike in winter meant little. The real struggle will begin next month. That is only the foreground of the agrarian question in Poland. Behind these urgent demands there is the far more formidable demand for the partition of big estates. Everywhere in eastern Europe the feudal system is crumbling. The Polish peasants are no more Bolsheviki than were the Land Leaguers who followed Davitt and Parnell, but they are no less in earnest. They are intensely Catholic. Their tradition of loyalty not to say servility to masters seemed unshakable. But this winter the laborer who on Monday bowed almost to the ground as he doffed his cap to his master, was on some estates capable on Tuesday of locking his master up until he accepted the new charter of rights.

In this rapid inventory of the human contents of the Polish barrier, space fails me for details, but I cannot omit the Jews. It is, I am afraid, no exaggeration to say that the whole of Polish society in all classes is now deeply impregnated with anti-Semitism. It is a comparatively new phenomenon in Poland. Its true cause is doubtless economic. It is little more than a generation since Poles began to enter commerce and industry in large numbers. The rivalry of Christians and Jews in business is therefore a comparatively new fact. On this competitive instinct, one party, the now dominant "National Democrats" (M. Dmowski's party), has sedulously played. At the recent elections, while great placards announced in Warsaw the receipt of a telegram "from Mr. Wilson's friends," hoping for the success of this party at the polls, its cars, profusely decorated with Allied flags, scattered the crudest anti-Semitic leaflets. One of their colored fly-sheets showed a serpent with a hideous Jewish head sucking the blood of the Polish peasantry. There were pogroms in many Polish towns in November, happily without many deaths, save at Lemberg, where with the participation of the Polish troops, eighty Jews were killed and a part of the Ghetto burned.

What is more serious is the continual daily round always of insult and sometimes of petty violence. I found at Brest and Pinsk that it is the common practice for a soldier to catch the first Jew he meets in the street, to perform "fatigue" duties for him in his barracks—of course without pay. In fact no Jews (or to be safe, shall I say "practically" no Jews?) are employed in the civil service, or in such municipal services as the tramways. The workers have begun to share the common prejudice, and the Socialist leaders have only succeeded with the utmost difficulty in securing the admission of the Jewish delegates to the Workers' Councils. The Jews are 14 per cent of the population of "Congress" Poland, and outside it, if "historical" Poland is to form the new state, the proportion is much higher. The forcible assimilation of this immense alien mass is grotesquely impossible. The liberalism which will recognize its reasonable claim for its own self-governing schools, and translate the present legal equality into a real equality finds but a feeble expression in the political world.

The most disturbing feature of Polish politics is, indeed, that in all its many groups there is none which calls itself, and none which deserves to be called, liberal. The Socialists are of the right wing, opportunist, intensely nationalist, and withal few in numbers. The Peasants' party (Populists) is a class agrarian organization, though with a strong idealist tendency among its leaders, and an outlook that is essentially humane. But the little middle-class liberal group failed to return a single member, and plainly it has no future. I will conclude my inventory with the Bolsheviki, or Communists, as they are called here. They manage to

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elect about one-third of the delegates of the Workers' Councils. Their numbers certainly grow among the unemployed. As yet, however, their efforts are shattered on the solid patriotism of the Polish workers. Their attempt to organize a two days' demonstration strike a fortnight ago, at a moment of grave military danger, was a failure, save in two advanced districts. None the less they have their crucial importance. They serve the Polish reaction as an invaluable bogey. Every day the state is in dire peril. Every day the clamor for fresh measures of repression grows louder. Every day the Diet listens to detailed stories of the excesses of the armed gendarmerie (formed on the Russian tradition), and after listening it votes for further restrictions and severities. The reaction is striking behind the Communists at the whole working-class movement.

When I walk about in the slums of Warsaw and Lodz, watch the bread queues, glance at the crowded one-room dwellings from which all but the last sticks of furniture are gone, when I see the pinched and listless children, or study statistics of the almost vanished birth-rate, and the death rate swollen by typhus, I marvel that Poland is not revolutionary. There are two reasons. It is intensely Catholic. Every church is crowded, and crowded with men. The poorest garret has its religious lithographs on the wall. Again, it has not learned by active war how easy it is to kill. But, above all, Poland hopes. Russia, Germany, Hungary were gripped by despair. Poland has risen from the tomb, and beyond the trials of today it sees a glorious resurrection. But the resurrection of what? If the barrier is put to an early test, with its defenseless frontiers, its unclad army, its hunger zone beyond the Bug, its half-starved unemployed, its wronged peasants wakening from the drugged sleep of centuries, its Jews the one hopeless element in these millions, is there a chance that the dykes will hold? If the perilous moment goes by, is the prospect better if Poland, ruling it may be, her three million annexed Germans, her five million unassimilated Jews, her hostile Lithuanians and Orthodox subjects, consolidates herself under French instruction as a military power? How long, even with iron discipline, could such a state stand as a barrier, when at length the delayed wave broke from east or west?

Danzig is the symbol of the choice. If Danzig is annexed, it will be because the Allies have assigned to Poland this perilous military role. If Danzig remains a German city, and Poland secures only "those genuinely Polish populations" promised her in the Fourteen Points, her military role indeed is over, but her hope of peaceful evolution begins. Let the Allies pour in their food and their raw materials. Let them meet this scourge of hunger and unemployment by ample grants and loans of money. They cannot do too much for this stricken and infinitely patient people. To Poland they can give only one fatal gift—the means of embarking on an imperialist career. Let them bid her live on good terms with her neighbors, and seek her future rather as a link than as a barrier. The barrier, if Allied strategists rely upon it, will crumble away at the first serious shock.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Warsaw, March 30th.

The Debs Case and Freedom of Speech

AFTER the affirmance of his conviction by the Supreme Court, Mr. Debs issued a statement to the effect that the real issue, the constitutionality of the Espionage law, had not been decided, and such seems to be the general impression. As a matter of fact the decision raises inevitably the question of the freedom of agitation in war time. The offense of which Debs was convicted was obstruction of recruiting; the acts proved were a violent attack upon the war, its motives and objects, and the approval of the conduct and attitude of persons who had been convicted of like offenses; and from this evidence the jury was permitted to find a tendency and an intent to obstruct recruiting. There was nothing to show actual obstruction or an attempt to interfere with any of the processes of recruiting. How can it be denied that the upholding of such a finding upon such evidence involves the question of the limits of permissible speech? If verbal or written opposition to the war, however violent or unwarranted, can be stretched to mean a form of obstruction, then Congress strikes at utterances as effectually through punishing obstruction as though it punished utterances directly. Not only is to this extent the restraint of speech clearly sanctioned by the Supreme Court, but it is made to rest on judicial interpretation rather than upon legislation.

I shall not attempt to determine what in the way of restraint is possible under the First Amendment. A narrow historic view (rather discountenanced by Justice Holmes) may confine freedom to the prohibition of censorship. Even so, with the post office under the control of the government, and in the absence of a clear and explicit constitutional right to the free and equal use of the postal service, Congress has it in its power to render the free expression of opinion harmless for immediate political purposes by denying mail facilities. It is therefore useless to over-emphasize the substantive

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limitations of the constitution; the real securities of rights will always have to be found in the painstaking care given to the working out of legal principles.

So long as we apply the notoriously loose common law doctrines of conspiracy and incitement to offenses of a political character, we are adrift on a sea of doubt and conjecture. To know what you may do and what you may not do, and how far you may go in criticism, is the first condition of political liberty; to be permitted to agitate at your own peril, subject to a jury's guessing at motive, tendency and possible effect, makes the right of free speech a precarious gift. Our practice has been so tolerant of political liberty and license that we have had no occasion to consider these things; Justice Holmes takes the very essentials of the entire problem for granted, and intimates that they are conceded even by the defendant.

On the continent of Europe, a harder and more recent struggle for the freedom of the press and for constitutional government in general induced a very much more scientific scrutiny of these fundamentals of penal responsibility, and instead of the illusory simplicity of our doctrines we find elaborately specified criteria of guilt. Over a hundred years ago Royer-Collard, the foremost exponent of the old-time French liberalism, in discussing a proposed law on the press, declared that in the matter of political offenses the recognition of such a thing as indirect provocation, i. e., implied or inferential incitement, spelled arbitrary power. This view finally gained acceptance, and the present French press law recognizes only direct provocation which has reference to some definite and particular criminal act, and punishes even direct provocation not resulting in actual crime only in connection with specified aggravated offenses. It is true that certain kinds of provocation are specially dealt with, and among these the incitement to military insubordination; and the German Penal Code has a general offense of direct incitement to disobedience to the laws; but the vagueness of definition that characterizes the Espionage act, finds, I believe, no parallel in modern foreign legislation.

The Debs case itself illustrates most clearly the arbitrariness of the whole idea of implied provocation. A violent, if you please, a seditious, speech is made; a docile jury finds a design to obstruct recruiting, and the finding is conclusive because the court does not consider it inconsistent with possibility. What are the intrinsic probabilities? An experienced speaker like Debs knows the effect of words. He must have known that, while he might keep alive and even create disaffection, his power to create actual obstruction to a compulsory draft was practically nil, and he could hardly have intended what he could not hope to achieve; in fact it is difficult to conceive of a form of obstruction that can be opposed to a compulsory draft. I know of only one reported case of direct counselling not to report for military service when ordered so to do, and Judge Amidon in directing a verdict of acquittal in a recent case remarked upon the scarcity of overt acts, stating that all judicial decisions had dealt with the use of language. The inherent obstacles in the way of planning or carrying out obstruction certainly add to the intrinsic improbability of the imputed design. Yet Justice Holmes would make us believe that the relation of the speech to obstruction is like that of the shout of Fire! in a crowded theatre to the resulting panic! Surely implied provocation in connection with political offenses is an unsafe doctrine if it has to be made plausible by a parallel so manifestly inappropriate.

It is well known that the constitution in guaranteeing free speech makes no difference between peace and war time; if it did it would still be enormously difficult to formulate war time restraints as rules of law. On the continent of Europe the matter is handled by unregulated and arbitrary executive power, and the Prussian constitution expressly permits the suspension of the normal guarantees of freedom of speech and press in the emergency of war. The Espionage act is a crude piece of legislation, and, if it is the best that can be done, illustrates the inherent difficulties of the subject. For arbitrary executive, it practically substitutes arbitrary judicial, power; since a jury's findings, within the limits of a conceivable psychological nexus between words and deeds, are beyond scrutiny and control; and while the jury may have been a protection against governmental power when the government was a thing apart from the people, its checking function fails where government policies are supported by majority opinion. We fluctuate between constitutional immunity and common law uncertainty; the common law of political crimes was loose and arbitrary in the extreme, and, having fallen into gradual desuetude, has undergone no change or improvement in a hundred years. It was owing to this feature of it that the idea of a federal common law was altogether repudiated; but the criminal legislation of Congress, to which no adequate thought has ever been given, revives and perpetuates the defects of the common law.

It even aggravates them, for sedition at common law is merely a misdemeanor, while congressional legislation, by failing to differentiate offenses according to the kind of culpability and grading only according to the maximum duration of punishment, causes every offense that is punishable by a sentence of imprisonment exceeding one year to assume the character of a felony. I do not speak of the draconic sentences imposed; they are clearly only

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" in terrorem," and since every one knows that they will not be carried out in full, they fail to terrorize and merely serve to create animosity and bitterness with reference to our processes of justice. But stamp a man like Debs or a woman like Kate O'Hare as felons, and you dignify the term felony instead of degrading them, and every thief and robber will be justified in feeling that some of the stigma has been taken from his crime and punishment.

Now that the war is virtually over, the Espionage act ceases to be effective, but since in time of war the voice of reason is not heard, or if heard is misconstrued, this is the time to protest against its legal unsoundness, and in the long run sound law cannot be inimical to sound policy. A country can ill spare the men who when the waves of militant nationalism run high do not lose the courage of their convictions. If that was true in Germany, it cannot be untrue of America. The peril resulting to the national cause from toleration of adverse opinion is largely imaginary; in any event it is slight as compared with the permanent danger of intolerance to free institutions. Fortunately public opinion in this country would not stand for the kind of legal terrorism that was practiced, for instance, in Italy. A certain amount of social terrorism must be accepted as inevitable; and if public opinion demands the prosecution of scurrilous and indecent attacks upon the cause for which a nation is fighting, local powers are adequate for that purpose.

No doubt a considerable public opinion also demands a federal prosecution of such attacks as were made by Debs and La Follette; but a wise government would have resisted that pressure. That sentiment has been gratified by creating an enormous amount of dissatisfaction, a dissatisfaction born of the conviction that what was prosecuted and punished was not action, but opinion. As in the case of all political persecution, the cause of the government has gained nothing, while the forces of discontent have been strengthened, and have been given an example of loose and arbitrary law which at some time may react against those who have set it. Toleration of adverse opinion is not a matter of generosity, but of political prudence.

ERNST FREUND.

Mr. Burleson, Back from Boston

AT Boston Mr. Burleson got his first sound absolute drubbing from his employees. For months the telephone operators of Boston and its neighborhood had tried to negotiate with him, with no decision. He neglected and he negated their local collective bargaining system which had existed successfully between them and their local telephone company. At last they gathered themselves together into Faneuil Hall, and one of them expressed their whole local sentiment of the moment by crying:

" It took the Yankee Division to lick the Kaiser. Now let the Yankee telephone operators lick Burleson."

They did so. Mr. Burleson was licked by Julia O'Connor, Mary June, Helena Smith, Mary Brady, Mary Mahoney, Bridie Powers, Helen Moran, Kathryn McGovern, Helen Noonan, May Matthews, Theresa Sullivan and other union leaders with similar names and other union leaders with names not similar. Plymouth Rock with a reverse Irish on it hit Mr. Burleson, and he fell.

Till then, and elsewhere, he had been very lofty and very masterful toward telephone operators. At Minneapolis and St. Paul, for instance, when telephone operators struck, he sent word:

" Notify employees that strikes are not permissible in government service. Should any of them leave, advise them promptly that they are eligible for re-instatement *for twenty-four hours only.*"

He won. Those girls were re-employed but not "re-instated." They had to go back as beginners, at the bottom of the service. They were beaten. They had toured the streets with banners saying " These are federal employees who quit because they are not paid a living wage " and " Americans cannot live on $1.80 a day." Their wages before the war had been $1.40 to $1.50 a day. Their wages now were $1.50 to $1.80 a day. The war had brought them a vast increase in living expenses and an increase of ten cents a day in wages. Such were their statements; and the company's statement was frankly to the effect that the average salary of its telephone operators was only $46 a month and that it ought to be raised.

But those operators never got even a hearing from Mr. Burleson or from any part of Mr. Burleson's Wire Administration. They did not get it before they struck; because, as in the postal service, Mr. Burleson's theory is that no hearings of any unions are necessary in order to secure " justice " from Mr. Burleson: and they got no hearing after they struck; because then they were strikers.

At Wichita, also, Mr. Burleson triumphed over switchboard girls. A girl there was discharged for

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circulating a petition for higher wages. The officials of the local telephone company refused even to receive a petition for her reinstatement. The Wire Administration at Washington stood courageously and firmly behind the local company. It would not be intimidated by Miss Lela Phipps. On December 14th of last year the operating staff at Wichita struck. On April 18th of this year the strike was still going on. It had not succeeded. It had failed to establish the principle that an employee may safely circulate a petition for higher wages in a plant controlled and operated under the direction of the Government of the United States.

Flushed with these victories, Mr. Burleson was perhaps quite easy in his mind about the prospects in Boston. But perhaps he did not know Boston. In Boston the English Yankee and the Irish Yankee in series had built up a quite advanced unity in labor. Last week an officer of the Newspaper Writers' Union was elected secretary of the city's federated Central Labor Union. Collective bargaining in Boston, when Mr. Burleson approached it, had some strength, as an idea; and, in practice, among the young women who work at switchboards, it was peculiarly thoroughly organized.

In the telephone industry of Boston, when federal control of telephones began, there was an Adjustment Board, of a most modern type. It consisted of six persons—three chosen by the telephone company, and three chosen by the telephone operators' union. The three representatives of the company were there with power to act. They included the General Manager himself, who was present in person to act instantly on grievances and to get them actually settled. The three representatives of the union were real representatives of a real union, not of a house-organ hand-turned union. The telephone operators of Boston had an organization genuinely their own, to which almost all of them belonged, and out of it they independently chose the persons to speak for them to their employers. It was a system most satisfactory to the girls and most creditable to the company.

On December 31st of last year the local Boston telephone wage agreement, made through the local Boston Telephone Adjustment Board, was to expire. On October 30th, well ahead of time, the operators brought forward a proposed new agreement.

The old wages were manifestly low. A beginner, at the end of her first year at the switchboard, got only $10.00. An experienced operator, at the end of her seventh year, got only $16.00. The opinion of the newspapers of Boston, after publicity and inquiry, was strongly to the effect that a revision of wages was justified.

The operators presented their proposed new agreement to the company's General Manager, on October 30th, and waited. On November 14th he informed them that under Mr. Burleson's new system he was not empowered to conclude any agreement whatsoever. Conclusions had been transferred to Washington.

Thereupon Miss O'Connor, head of the local union and also head of the national union of telephone operators under the jurisdiction of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, proceeded to Washington and there presented the proposed new Boston agreement to a certain new national committee appointed by Mr. Burleson to "investigate wages paid to, and working conditions of, employees of telephone and telegraph companies." Of this committee Miss O'Connor was herself a member. The other members remind us of Mr. Burleson's extraordinary views of the relations between employers and employees.

When President Wilson created the National War Labor Board, to deal in general with the relations between employers and employees throughout the United States, he gave six representatives to the employers and six to the employees. Mr. Burleson's Wages Committee consisted of two government department officials, two telephone company officials, and Miss O'Connor. Mr. Burleson gave four representatives to the employing side and one to the employed.

Theory tells us, and practice proves it, that when the government is an employer it is an employer. It is not a neutral. Mr. Burleson's Wages Committee was packed. It was also gagged.

On November 20th of last year it received the Boston case. It received it, and, through its chairman, officially accepted it. In November it made no decision. In December it made no decision. In January and February and March it made no decision. It has never made any decision.

On March 24th a whole committee of operators came all the way from Boston to Washington and were extremely earnest. A strike in most of the telephone exchanges of all New England was about to happen. Mr. Burleson listened, and said something. He must have said it most diplomatically; for it left one impression on his hearers and another on himself.

His hearers—Miss June, Miss Mahoney, Miss Powers, Miss Smith, Miss Moran, Miss McGovern, Miss Brady—are certain that he said that a decision in their case would forthwith be forthcoming, not indeed from the Wages Board, but from another board—the Wire Control Board. Mr. Burleson, for his part, is equally certain that he laid down an entirely different line of procedure. Subsequently, when the strike was within four days of happening, he insisted on that line, without com-

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promise. It may be taken therefore as his final contribution to the prevention of the strike and to the prompt and democratic settlement of grievances in the telephone industry. To wit:

The operators must go back to the beginning and present their case all over again to the General Manager of the local telephone company. Of course he could not settle it. He could not conclude it. But he must study it. Then, with views and recommendations, he must transmit it to a board in New York called the Operating Board. The Operating Board in New York must study it. Having studied it, and having enriched it by further views and recommendations, the Operating Board in New York must transmit it to the Wire Control Board in Washington. The Wire Control Board must study it. It must decide it. It is final, except that naturally, above the Wire Control Board, stands Mr. Burleson himself.

Such was Mr. Burleson's new system, according to his own ultimate statement of it, and his Wages Board had no place in it anywhere. His Wages Board, after all, was nothing. Impartial history may call it nothing. The operators call it a trap. It took their case and held it for months, promising a decision and making none; and then it passed them on to other boards, and, from their standpoint, what boards!

They were accustomed to boards in which they themselves sat, through their representatives. They saw themselves plunged back now into day before yesterday.

The Operating Board in New York was a board of telephone company officials. It was not a joint board. It was not a collective bargaining adjustment board. It was a purely employer board.

The Wire Control Board at Washington was the Federal Wire Administration. It was the government in its capacity of wire-controller and wire-employer. The operators had no representation in it whatsoever. It also, in its relations to them, was a purely employer board.

Mr. Burleson's line of procedure was a line leading through two purely employer boards to himself. It was not good enough for the telephone operators of Boston and New England. They were beyond it. Further, they had no moral confidence in it.

The operators of Minneapolis and St. Paul, at the time of their strike, had sent an appeal to the Operating Board. The Operating Board had referred it to the Wages Board. The Operating Board had behaved as if the Wages Board were the board to settle such things. But the Wages Board said it had no right to settle them. It merely received them and possibly studied them.

The operators of Boston were tired of autocracy and of subterfuge. On February 26th they took a strike vote.

By that time, under public control and operation of telephones, Miss O'Connor had ceased to be an employed telephone operator. Under private control she had been allowed to attend to her union duties and still be an operator. Under public control she was asked to resign. She joined the discharged officers of the postal-service organizations among the trophies of Mr. Burleson's unerring spear.

But the postal-service employees are civil servants. The telephone operators remained citizens. And Miss O'Connor seems to be one of the ablest organizers extant.

She took her strike vote with the greatest care. She did her best to make it a genuine expression of the opinion of the membership of the union. Every girl was warned that if she failed to cast a ballot she would be fined one dollar; and the ballots were unsigned and secret. When the mandate came, it was a mandate.

It came overwhelmingly for striking. It empowered the officers of the union to call a strike at discretion, whenever all other methods, in their judgment, had failed.

They called it. It started on schedule and went through on schedule. It was a perfect exhibition not only of leadership, but of intelligent self-discipline in the rank-and-file. It was a 100 per cent strike. The girls were organized 100 per cent. They went out 100 per cent. They stayed out 100 per cent. And when their officers arranged the terms of settlement, they debated them at a great mass-meeting, and differed about them, and argued about them, and came to a unanimous agreement in action about them, and went back 100 per cent. As a performance, it was most remarkable. As a victory, it was complete.

The operators of Boston won their point absolutely. It was not, in essence, a point of wages. They got an increase of wages, yes. A beginner, at the end of her first year of service, will now get $13 instead of $10. An experienced operator, at the end of her seventh year, will now get $19 instead of $16. It is a substantial increase. But the point was, and is, the method of bargaining. On that point, the strategic point, the operators were completely victorious. The bargaining which settled the strike and which made the new wage agreement was done in precisely the way in which the operators wanted it done.

The Operating Board was forgotten. The Wire Control Board was forgotten. Mr. Burleson, in the person of his First Assistant, Mr. Koons, traveled to Boston. Formally he blessed the scene. Formally he gave his sanction to everything and

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anything that happened. And what happened was that the wages of the telephone operators of Boston and of most of New England were revised by agreement in the one genuine joint board existing for them anywhere in the situation—the same half-employer half-employee board which for years they had peacefully used.

If Mr. Burleson had provided them with a bigger and better board of the same character, they would have been pleased. He provided no such board. He attempted to install a system of altogether top-sided control, leading through two boards of employers to one autocrat. The telephone operators of Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Rhode Island have driven that system out of their states.

They went back to work at three o'clock on a Monday afternoon. In that week the Yankee Division was paraded in Boston. In that week the 26th marched to its welcome home. The telephone operators could look at it with level eyes. Within their chance they had not forgotten, they had not abandoned, the sense of elementary personal individual right for which, beneath all the phrases of public politics, the 26th had fought.

WILLIAM HARD.

The Japanese Demands

JUST as Italy's territorial demands hold the centre of the stage in considering the peace of Europe, the Japanese in Kiao-Chau are the centre in Asia. For on the possession of this small piece of territory may turn the future of a hundred years. Look at the map and see why. Japan holds Corea and Port Arthur and the railroads of Manchuria, reaching around Peking on one side. Kiao-Chau gives access to Peking from the other side, and the German railroad concessions which Japan also claims reach back to the rich mining lands of Shensi and beyond, across the whole of Asia. Japan now holds both sides of a nut cracker. Her title to one side, Kiao-Chau, has not been well established. She wants both sides. And China is the nut.

But the position of Japan is embarrassing. Her most serious difficulty relates to her own previous actions with reference to this same Kiao-Chau. The story has for the most part been frequently published, but it may be desirable to recall the essential features. Before Japan took possession of Kiao-Chau by force of arms, she made a demand on Germany to deliver it to her not later than September 15, 1914 "without condition or compensation with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China." Just what she thus demanded was the entire territory which Germany had forcibly leased from China in 1898. This whole leased property is called Kiao-Chau; it includes the port city of Tsingtau; and the whole lies in the Chinese province of Shantung.

Germany of course refused the demand of Japan; and Japan, assisted by a few British troops, proceeded to take this territory by military operations, in which she was not careful not to violate the neutrality of the surrounding Chinese country. It will be remembered that before we entered the war this action by Japan was frequently cited against any criticism of Germany on account of the invasion of Belgium; and if it had not been for the fact that Great Britain was much more careful of Chinese neutrality than Japan, the argument would have been embarrassing. As a result, Tsingtau surrendered on the following November 7th, and the Japanese forces proceeded to occupy the city and to continue in occupation of the Chinese territory which had been invaded as part of her military operations.

In January, 1915, China protested, and there arose the famous twenty-one demands made by Japan on China, to which China was obliged to yield. These points included the right of Japan to dispose of Kiao-Chau in any way agreed upon between Japan and Germany. Other important concessions were wrung out of China at the same time; to all of which China protested and announced to all the Powers that they were granted under duress. These things were embodied in a treaty made in 1915. Attached to this treaty was a letter in which Japan promised to restore the German leased property to China on condition that China grant to Japan a permanent point of occupation, make payment for public buildings turned over and give Japan joint control of the railroad. A subsequent treaty, still secret, made in 1918, relates to the same subject, but apparently does not alter the situation.

All of these things, except the last treaty, were known to the United States while they were going on, but our government simply lay down and kicked up its heels. It was in the days when we were accustomed to do just this thing; and Japan was right in thinking that we would take no effective action, especially when all of Europe was at war and Japan was an ally of Great Britain. Perhaps we were right and perhaps we were wrong. It may be that a vigorous protest at that time would have forced Japan to abandon her claims on China; for Great Britain was dependent on us for a large amount of supplies and might have been able to control Japan. On the other hand such action might have driven Japan into the hands of Germany and the whole outcome of the war have been changed. But whether we were right or wrong,

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the day of decision was merely postponed; for the Peace Conference must deal with these questions however difficult they may be.

It must not be supposed that the Japanese enjoy the position in which they are placed. It is hard for them to reconcile their ambitions for wealth with the policy of maintaining the territorial integrity of China to which they have given their assent since the days of John Hay and the "open door"; but they attempt to do so, contending that they are to give back Kiao-Chau as promised and that their reservations and agreements for a permanent place of occupation, joint control of railroads and other financial interests are no more than what other nations can enjoy with them. If the Chinese and the other nations could see the matter in this light it would be most satisfactory to the Japanese. It will be very awkward for them to be obliged to present something in the nature of an ultimatum to the Peace Conference. But it would also be very difficult for them to go home without obtaining the actual or tacit consent of the Conference to their agreements with China.

It is further argued by Japan that it is not necessary for them fully to comply with their promise to restore all German rights to China because it was made only in the demand on Germany to turn over the property peacefully, and did not apply to the situation when it became necessary to take it by force. This sounds plausible at first sight; but its fallacy is really obvious. China was not a party to Germany's refusal to deliver Kiao-Chau to Japan. China was obliged in the first place to make the lease to Germany, and afterward could only look on while Japan made the demand and then proceeded with military operations. If the land belonged by right to China and should have been returned to her when Japan sought to take it peacefully, it should also be completely returned now; and if Japan has any claim against anybody because she was obliged to resort to force that claim is by way of indemnity against Germany and Germany alone.

From our point of view the situation is this: barring action by China we can purchase a hundred years of peace if we let Japan have her way. Moreover the opening of China's vast resources would greatly enrich the world. Japan could not profit alone, and does not seek to do so. Why then should we object? Because China belongs to the Chinese, and should be developed by them or primarily in their own interest; because Japan is the one remaining powerful autocracy of the world, and it is probable that she will not peacefully help China in her development but will use her military forces to build and hold her enterprises everywhere, as she has done in Manchuria. The hundred years of peace might be followed by a hundred years of war.

The movements of the Peace Conference are largely veiled in secrecy. We do not know exactly what Japan has said on these points, and the reply of China has not been made public. But, as is the case with other parts of the world, so here in Asia secret treaties are the greatest embarrassment. There is first the secret treaty of 1918 between Japan and China above mentioned. This relates to some matters of finance and may have a semblance of reasonableness because of certain advantages to China. But more difficult are the secret agreements which were made with Great Britain, and with France and Italy. These documents bind these Powers to support all claims made by Japan with reference to Kiao-Chau. They were entered into at the time when the Allies were hardest pressed by the German submarine campaign; naval assistance in the Mediterranean became necessary, and this was the price that was paid. It therefore results that America is the only great nation at the Conference which is free to support China, and it must carry the burden of adjustment whatever it may be. For, although the claims of Japan are inconsistent with the terms of the armistice, and these secret treaties are likewise inconsistent, there has been no decision that the treaties will be disregarded on that account; in fact the tendency is the other way.

Only the surface of things can be sketched on these subjects. The difficulties appear very great from any point of view. The best hope lies in the League of Nations. If a strong league can be adopted before these things are settled, the reasonable demands of France for security would be provided and her support might be secured to the maintenance of the integrity of China. Great Britain may also refuse to be bound by the secret treaties on the ground that they are not consistent with the armistice; for her interests lie in this direction. These things having been done, a solution may be found by giving to Japan such reasonable common opportunities in China as are approved by China herself and as are made safe under the constant surveillance of the League.

WILLIAM BROWNE HALE.

Company

A footstep sounded from the street . . . .
Listening—I knew of you!
With the good singing of your feet
You came in too.

Companioned by the sun and rain,
Mingling with the winds at will,
You passed, but in your step's refrain
I have you still.

HAZEL HALL.

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The Undying Fire

CHAPTER THE SIXTH

The Operation

§ 1

WHILE Sir Alpheus grumbled loudly to the nurse at the unpreparedness of everything, Mr. Huss, with the assistance of Dr. Barrack, walked upstairs and disrobed himself.

This long discussion had taken a very powerful grip upon his mind. Much remained uncertain in his thoughts. He had still a number of things he wanted to say, and these proceedings preliminary to his vivisection, seemed to him to be irrelevant and tiresome rites interrupting something far more important.

The bed, the instruments, the preparations for anaesthesia, were to him no more than new contributions to the argument. While he lay on the bed with Dr. Barrack handling the funnel hood that was to go over nose and mouth for the administration of the chloroform, he tried to point out that the very idea of operative surgery was opposed to the scientific fatalism of that gentleman. But Sir Alpheus interrupted him. . . .

"Breathe deeply," said Dr. Barrack. . . .

"Breathe deeply." . . .

The whole vast argumentative fabric that had arisen in his mind swung with him across an abyss of dread and mental inanity. Whether he thought or dreamt what follows it is impossible to say; we can but record the ideas that, like a crystalline bubble as great as all things, filled his consciousness. He felt a characteristic doubt whether the chloroform would do its duty, and then came that twang like the breaking of a violin string—*Ploot.* . . .

And still he did not seem to be insensible! He was not insensible, and yet things had changed. Dr. Elihu was still present, but somehow Sir Eliphaz and Mr. Dad and Mr. Farr, whom he had left downstairs, had come back and were sitting on the ground—on the ashes; they were all seated gravely on a mound of ashes and beneath a sky that blazed with light. Sir Alpheus, the nurse, the bedroom, had vanished. It seemed that they had been the dream.

But this was the reality, an enduring reality, this sackcloth and these reeking ash-heaps outside the city gates. This was the scene of an unending experiment and an immortal argument. He was Job; the same Job who had sat here for thousands of years, and this lean vulturous old man in the vast green turban was Eliphaz the Temanite; the smaller man who peered out of the cowl of a kind of hooded shawl was his friend Bildad the Shuhite; the eager, coarse face of the man in unclean linen was Zophar the Naamathite; and this fist-faced younger man who sat with an air of false humility, insolently judging them all, was Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite of the kindred of Ram. . . .

It was queer that there should have ever been the fancy that these men were doctors or schoolmasters or munition makers, a queer veiling of their immortal quality in the transitory garments of a period. For ages they had sat here and disputed, and for ages they had still to sit. A little way off waited the asses and camels and slaves of the three emirs, and the two Ethiopian slaves of Eliphaz had been coming towards them bearing bowls of fine gray ashes. (For Eliphaz for sanitary reasons did not use the common ashes of the midden upon his head.) There, far away, splashed green with palms and pierced between pylons by a glittering arm of the river, were the low brown walls of sun-dried brick, the flat-roofed houses, and the twisted temple towers of the ancient city of Uz, where first this great argument had begun. East and west and north and south stretched the wide levels of the world, dotted with small date trees, and above them was the measureless dome of heaven, set with suns and stars and flooded with a light.

This light had shone out since Elihu had spoken, and it was not only a light but a voice clear and luminous, before which Job's very soul bowed and was still. . . .

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?"

By a great effort Job lifted up his eyes to the zenith.

It was as if one shone there who was all, and yet who comprehended powers and kingdoms, and it was as if a screen or shadow was before his face. It was as if a dark figure enhaloed in shapes and colors bent down over the whole world and regarded it curiously, and malevolently, and it was as if this dark figure was no more than a translucent veil before an infinite and lasting radiance. Was it a veil before the light, or did it not rather nest in the very heart of the light and spread itself out before the face of the light and spread itself and recede and again expand in a perpetual diastole and systole? It was as if the voice that spoke was the voice of God, and yet ever and again it was as if the timbre of the voice was Satan. As the voice spoke to Job, his friends listened and watched him, and the eyes of Elihu shone like garnets and the eyes of Eliphaz like emeralds, but the eyes of Bildad were black like the eyes of a lizard upon a wall, and Zophar had no eyes but looked at him only with the dark shadows beneath his knitted brows. As God spake they all, and Job with them, became smaller and smaller and shrank until they were the minutest of conceivable things, until the whole scene was a little toy; they became unreal like discolorations upon a floating falling disc of paper confetti, amidst greatnesses unfathomable.

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?"

But in this dream that was dreamt by Mr. Huss while he was under the anaesthetic, God did not speak by words but by light; there were no sounds in his ears, but thoughts ran like swift rivulets of fire through his brain and gathered into pools and made a throbbing pattern of wavelets, curve within curve, that interlaced. . . .

The thoughts that it seemed to him that God was

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speaking through his mind can be put into words only after a certain fashion and with great loss, for they were thoughts about things beyond and above this world, and our words are all made out of the names of things and feelings in this world. Things that were contradictory had become compatible, and things incomprehensible seemed straightforward, because he was in a dream. It was as if the anaesthetic had released his ideas from their anchorage to words and phrases and their gravitation towards sensible realities. But it was still the same line of thought he pursued through the stars and spaces, that he had pursued in the stuffy little room at Sundering on Sea.

It was somewhat after this fashion that things ran through the mind of Mr. Huss. It seemed to him at first that he was answering the challenge of the voice that filled the world, not of his own will but mechanically. He was saying: "Then *give* me knowledge."

To which the answer was in the voice of Satan and in tones of mockery. For Satan had become very close and definite to Job, as a dark face, time-worn and yet animated, that sent out circle after circle of glowing color towards the bounds of space as a swimmer sends waves towards the bank. "But what have you got in the way of a vessel to hold your knowledge if we gave it you?"

"In the name of the God in my heart," said Job, "I demand knowledge and power."

"Who are you? A pedagogue who gives ill-prepared lessons about history in frowsty rooms, and dreams that he has been training his young gentlemen to play leap-frog amidst the stars."

"I am Man," said Job.

"*Huss.*"

But that queer power of slipping one's identity and losing oneself altogether which dreams will give, had come upon Mr. Huss. He answered with absolute conviction: "I am Man. Down there I was Huss, but here I am Man. I am every man who has ever looked up towards this light of God. I am everyone who has thought or worked or willed for the race. I am all the explorers and leaders and teachers that man has ever had."

The argument evaporated. He carried his point as such points are carried in dreams. The discussion slipped to another of the issues that had been troubling him.

"You would plumb the deeps of knowledge; you would scale the heights of space. . . . There is no limit to either."

"Then I will plumb and scale for ever. I will defeat you."

"But you will never destroy me."

"I will fight my way through you to God."

"And never attain Him. . . ."

It seemed as though yet another voice was speaking. For a while the veil of Satan was drawn aside. The thoughts it uttered ran like incandescent molten metal through the mind of Job, but whether he was saying these things to God or whether God was saying these things to him did not in any way appear.

"So life goes on for ever. And in no other way could it go on. In no other way could there be such a being as life. For how can you struggle if there is a certainty of victory? Why should you struggle if the end is assured? How can you rise if there are no depths into which you can fall? The blacknesses and the evils about you are the warrants of reality. . . .

"Through the centuries the voice of Job has complained and will complain. Through the centuries the fire of his faith flares and flickers and threatens to go out. But is Job justified in his complaints?

"Is Job indeed justified in his complaints? His mind has been colored by the color of misfortune. He has seen all the world reflecting the sufferings of his body. He has dwelt upon illness and cruelty and death. But is there any evil or cruelty or suffering that is beyond the possibility of human control? Were that so then indeed he might complain that God has mocked him. . . . Are sunsets ugly and oppressive? Do mountains disgust, do distant hills repel? Is there any flaw in the starry sky? If the lives of beasts and men are dark and ungracious, yet is not the texture of their bodies lovely beyond comparison? You have sneered because the beauty of cell and tissue may build up an idiot. Why, oh Man, do they build up an idiot? Have you no will, have you no understanding, that you suffer such things to be? The darkness and ungraciousness, the evil and the cruelty, are no more than a challenge to you. In you lies the power to rule all these things. . . ."

Through the tumbled clouds of his mind broke the sunlight of this phrase: "The power to rule all these things. The power to rule."

"You have dwelt over much upon pain. Pain is a swift distress; it ends and is forgotten. Without memory and fear pain is nothing, a contradiction to be heeded, a warning to be taken. Without pain what would life become? Pain is the master only of craven men. It is in man's power to rule it. It is in man's power to rule all things. . . ."

It was as if the dreaming patient debated these ideas with himself; and again it was as if he were the universal all and Job and Satan and God disputed together within him. The thoughts in his mind raced faster and suddenly grew bright and glittering, as the waters grow bright when they come racing out of the caves at Han into the light of day. Greenfaced, he murmured and stirred in his great debate while the busy specialist plied his scalpels and Dr. Barrack whispered directions to the intent nurse.

"A cloud rolls back from my soul. . . ."

"I have been through great darkness. I have been through deep waters. . . ."

"Has not your life had laughter in it? Has the freshness of the summer morning never poured joy through your being? Do you know nothing of the embrace of the lover, cheekbone to cheekbone or lip to lip? Have you never swum out into the sunlit sea or shouted on a mountain slope? Is there no joy in a handclasp? Your son, your son is dead with honor. Is there no joy in that honor? Clean and straight was your son, and beautiful in his life. Have you never played with happy children? Has no boy ever answered to your teaching—giving back more than you gave him? Dare you deny the joy of your appetites: the first mouthful of roast red beef on the frosty day and the deep draught of good ale? Do you know nothing of the task well done, nor of sleep after a day of toil? Is there no joy for the farmer in the red ploughed fields, and the fields shooting with green blades? When the great prows smite the waves and the aeroplane hums in the sky,

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is man still a hopeless creature? Can you watch the beat and swing of machinery and still despair? Your illness has colored the world; a little season of misfortune has hidden the light from your eyes."

It was as if the dreamer pushed his way through the outskirts of a great forest and approached the open, but it was not through trees that he thrust his way but through bars and nets and interlacing curves of blinding, many-colored light towards the clear promise beyond. He had grown now to an incredible vastness so that it was no longer earth upon which he set his feet but that crystalline pavement whose translucent depths contain the stars. Yet though he approached the open he never reached the open; the iridescent net that had seemed to grow thin, grew dense again; he was still struggling, and the black doubts that had lifted for a moment swept down upon his soul again. And he realized he was in a dream, a dream that was drawing swiftly now to its close.

"Oh God!" he cried, "answer me! For Satan has mocked me sorely. Answer me before I lose sight of you again. Am I right to fight? Am I right to come out of my little earth, here above the stars?"

"Right if you dare."

"Shall I conquer and prevail? Give me your promise!"

"Everlastingly you may conquer and find fresh worlds to conquer."

"*May*—but *shall* I?"

It was as if the torrent of molten thoughts stopped suddenly. It was as if everything stopped.

"Answer me," he cried.

Slowly the shining thoughts moved on again.

"So long as your courage endures you will conquer. . . ."

"If you have courage, although the night be dark, although the present battle be bloody and cruel and end in a strange and evil fashion, nevertheless victory shall be yours, —in a way you will understand—when victory comes. Only have courage. On the courage in your heart all things depend. By courage it is that the stars continue in their courses, day by day. It is the courage of life alone that keeps sky and earth apart. . . . If that courage fail, if that sacred fire go out, then all things fail and all things go out, all things—good and evil, space and time."

"Leave nothing?"

"*Nothing.*"

"Nothing," he echoed, and the word spread like a dark and darkening mask across the face of all things.

And then as if to mark the meaning of the word, it seemed to him that the whole universe began to move inward upon itself, faster and faster, until at last with an incredible haste it rushed together. He resisted this collapse in vain, and with a sense of overwhelmed effort. The white light of God and the whirling colors of the universe, the spaces between the stars; it was as if an unseen fist gripped them together. They rushed to one point as water in a clepsydra rushes to its hole. The whole universe became small, became a little thing, diminished to the size of a coin, of a spot, of a pin-point, of one intense black mathematical point, and—vanished. He heard his own voice crying in the void like a little thing blown before the wind: "But will my courage endure?" The question went unanswered. Not only the things of space but the things of time swept together into nothingness. The last moment of his dream rushed towards the first, crumpled all the intervening moments together and made them one. It seemed to Mr. Huss that he was still in the instant of insensibility. That sound of the breaking string was still in his ears—*Ploot.* . . .

It became part of that same sound which came before the vision. . . .

He was aware of a new pain within him; not that dull aching now, but a pain keen and sore. He gave a fluttering gasp.

"Quick," said a voice. "He is coming to!"

"He'll not wake for hours," said a second voice.

"His mouth and eyes!"

He lifted his eyelids as one lifts lead. He found himself looking into the intelligent but unsympathetic face of Sir Alpheus Mengo; he tried to comprehend his situation but he had forgotten how he had got to it, he closed his eyes and sank back consciously and wilfully towards insensibility. . . .

H. G. WELLS.

Armistice

The wintry war is over, and he stands
  Bruised and bewildered there;
Stretching his thin and nervous hands
  In the warm air.

The early glow's forgotten, and instead
  A softer tumult starts in every vein;
He feels like one a long time dead
  Who lives again.

Fantastic dreams, strange wants assail him now;
  He feels that he must burst in blossoms, rise
And thrust one great and jubilant bough
  Into the skies.

He thinks of birds and sunlight, hopes to see
  Earth as he knew it, prodigal and gay . . .
And there he stands—an old, bent tree,
  Leafless in May.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

South Winds

The warm south winds roll up so full of sleep
  Full of Kentucky flowers and the smells
Of old Virginia roses that they keep,
  The sugar winds from sunny southern dells.

The sweet south wind chimes down across the hills
  The harbinger of spring where skies are dark
To sow the stars across the daffodils
  And toss across the sun the whistling lark.

The south wind rolls like wheels along the skies
  A dream of spring, a flash of far Gulf climes
An incense and a fragrance in our eyes
  A rustle in the boughs like silver chimes.
Like bells it comes now singing down the dales
And brings upon its wings the nightingales.

EDWIN CURRAN.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Community Control of the Church

SIR: Mr. McAfee's attempt, in the issue of January 18th, to persuade us that "no one who believes in essential Christianity should resist the process of bringing our religious institutions under community control" is largely wasted effort. He already has what he seeks. Whenever and wherever he can discover a promising attempt at community religious expression, he will find very little, if any, opposition from the protestant denominations or their adherents. If he looks carefully enough he will in most, if not all cases, find some earnest individual furnishing the dynamics, which had previously been generated in work for some church, associated more or less closely with one of the protestant denominations.

If he would familiarize himself with the fact that in an organization as loosely held together as the Northern Baptist Convention, for instance, an enormous amount of effort is necessary just to get the membership to understand that there is an organization, other than the missionary societies of wider scope than the local church, and including the local church; if he would do this, he would be less alarmed about the deadening influence of the "control" by these "hierarchies." Although the Baptist denomination is reputed to have been founded by Roger Williams, the organization known as the Northern Baptist Convention—comprising the Baptist churches of white membership in the northern and western states (provided they recognize themselves as being comprised) is only about eleven years old. Perhaps the fact of its existence is a sinister omen. Perhaps Mr. McAfee's implied assumption is correct; that any organization with a membership has for its principal, if not its sole reason for existence, the "control" of the members. The men who organized the Northern Baptist Convention, and the men who have given their energies to its work may have seen through it an instrumentality for more effectively encouraging an active religious expression—and the creating of the opportunity and inducement for religious expression by a greater number of people. They may have lamented, and sought to prevent "flashes in the pan" which have not been unknown in the annals of attempts at religious expression in forms of a new or different order. There is merit in continuous, cumulative effort, with criticism, amendment and carefully observed experiment. All sincere effort is not spontaneous. Neither is all calculated and deliberate effort insincere. We learn by experience; that of others as well as our own. Is nothing to be gained by the maintenance of organizations for the exchange of ideas, mutual criticism, creating the tools with which to cut out the dead wood in the most humane manner?

What is the "community?" Is it the city? Is it the suburb, or neighborhood? Is it the county? Is it the state? Is it the nation? Is it all nations outside the realm of the central powers? If it is anything smaller than the largest of these, will the separate communities form organizations through which to help and inform each other, or will all matters be decided by local plebiscite to insure democratic operation and to avoid the possible formation of a new and more dreadful "hierarchy?"

I have mentioned the Baptist denomination because I happen to be a member of a Baptist church—originally by inheritance—later by choice. I am a member of a Baptist community church. Perhaps I am also a member of the Baptist denomination. I am not so sure of that until I go on a still hunt for evidence of undemocratic "control." Should I find it I shall cease to be a member of the Baptist denomination. But I shall still be a member of this same Baptist community church. I shall not "resist" any conscientious efforts at general community activity for religious expression which may become apparent. Neither do I intend to crawl up to a shelf and wait for the "Community Church" to arrive. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

C. B. TAYLOR.

Des Moines Iowa.

Franklin on the League

SIR: Anent the opposition to the proposed Covenant of the League of Nations I venture to offer the following excerpts from a statement written by Benjamin Franklin and read near the close of the Constitutional Convention of 1787. The likeness of the conditions and problems of that day to those of this was referred to in a recent editorial of the New Republic entitled The Great Debate. In like manner the words of Franklin then are full of meaning at the present moment.

"Mr. President: I confess that there are several parts of this Constitution which I do not at present approve, but I am not sure I shall never approve them. For, having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information or fuller consideration, to change opinions, even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. It is therefore that, the older I grow, the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment, and to pay more respect to the judgment of others. . . .

"In these sentiments, sir, I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults, if they are such; because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no form of government, but what may be a blessing to the people if well administered; . . . I doubt, too, whether any other Convention we can obtain may be able to make a better Constitution. For, when you assemble a number of men to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected? It therefore astonishes me, sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence to hear that our councils are confounded, like those of the builders of Babel; and that our states are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting one another's throats. Thus I consent, sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure, that it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. If every one of us, in returning to our constituents, were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavor to gain partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects

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and great advantages resulting naturally in our favor among foreign nations, as well as among ourselves, from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficiency of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depends on opinion—on the general opinion of the goodness of the government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its governors. I hope, therefore, that for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of posterity, we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution (if approved by Congress and confirmed by the conventions) wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavors to the means of having it well administered.

"On the whole, sir, I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of the Convention, who may still have objections to it, would with me, on this occasion, doubt a little of his own infallibility, and, to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument."

How freighted are Franklin's words not only with generous charity but with political wisdom, and how pertinent to the present issue! Well might we wish at this juncture for a Senate full of Franklins, generous enough to forget personal or partisan animosities, wise enough "to doubt a little of their own infallibility."

R. W. Kelsey.

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Burleson Pronounces

SIR: The Comic Spirit must be hovering with delight over a passage in Mr. Burleson's letter of April 12th to The Evening Post. "One in official place," writes Mr. Burleson, "should never for a moment forget his obligations and responsibilities to the public; he should at all times be accessible in order that the whole truth may reach him; he should not be self-willed, and under no circumstances should he become autocratic. . . ."

One is irresistibly reminded of a scene in the famous Russian comedy, The Inspector-General. The mayor of the town—whose administration has been conspicuous for the absence of the virtues which he ascribes to himself—is speaking to the supposed high official from St. Petersburg:

Mayor.—"Thank God, all goes well. Another mayor would look out for his own advantage. But believe me, even nights in bed I keep thinking, O God, how could I manage things in such a way that the government would observe my devotion to duty? . . When the whole town is in order, the streets swept clean, the prisoners well kept . . . what more do I want? . . . I don't even crave honors. Honors . . . are alluring but as against the happiness which comes from doing one's duty, they are nothing but dross and vanity."

A fellow-official, in an envious aside, murmurs: "How he holds forth! I wish the Lord had blessed me with such a gift!"

Dorothy Brewster.

New York City.

If This be Bolshevism—

SIR: Well may Mayor Galvin of Cincinnati view with alarm the Social Unit plan, for its success, if generally put into operation (and of success there can be little doubt), will spell the downfall of boss rule in Cincinnati and everywhere else. The great fault with our system of electing representatives and officials is that there has been as yet no means devised to enable voters to act with organized effort—and until they can so act they will remain mere puppets in the hands of the manipulators, jumping as the wires are pulled. The Social Unit idea admits of great development, and in it may be seen the germ of intelligent cooperation in the attempt to secure an honest municipal government. If this be Bolshevism, let Mayor Galvin and his ilk tremble.

Edward C. Pearson.

Plainfield, New Jersey.

The Mayor of Sioux City

SIR: The following facts I believe are worthy of editorial comment in your magazine.

April 6th the Tribune had a short news article on the Mayor of Sioux City, who had asserted that he would use the state militia to protect the national convention of the I. W. W. to be held in that city this month, provided discussion was peaceful and lawful. D. L. Long of Boise City, Idaho, had just urged the students of a Methodist college in Sioux City "to halt the activities of the I. W. W. as they had been halted in other cities in the West—by force." (Tribune.)

I couldn't help expressing my admiration to Mayor Wallace M. Short, and in reply he said: "I consider it a matter of great importance that public administration should commend itself to all fair-minded people as an administration of justice. It often happens in Sioux City that the people who are ready at a moment's notice to admit that they are the best people are the very people who claim freedom to raise the threat of mob law while condemning other folks for violent language. I desire to see a clear realization on the part of all classes of citizens that they must all obey the requirements of public order, and that they are all equally free to discuss questions of vital moment."

Ole Hansen was praised to the skies in the interest press for his display of Americanism. The only mention I have seen of Mr. Short's action is the above. I hope you will see fit to bestow a bit of praise, although an almost insignificant fraction of what the kept papers can bestow for the display of their brand of Americanism.

Philip E. Douglas.

Annapolis, Indiana.

Everyday Russia

SIR: Does it not seem strange that with all the words which are printed these days about Russia we have no information concerning Russian life? Must we wait for post-historic accounts to tell us whether the Russian goes to work in the morning at nine o'clock and leaves at five in the afternoon? Can't we find out who pays the wages; how men are employed under the Soviet government, if they are employed, or if they are paid? Would it not be interesting to know something about Bolshevism?

Could you persuade some foreign correspondent to let you know what the Russian does with his twenty-four hours a day, or would such an undertaking endanger your right to send the New Republic through the mails?

Morris R. Werner.

New York City.

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After the Play

AN experiment is all the better worth making, in the theatre as elsewhere, if it really is an experiment. That is why I took more interest in the first production of the New York Theatre Guild, at the Garrick, than I should have taken if the members of this new association, choosing to aim at some familiar old target, had put more shots into the gold. If you, too, care for experiment, for faulty and sincere and imaginative essays in innovation, I advise you to keep an eye on the New York Theatre Guild.

The scene of their first play, The Bonds of Interest, by Jacinto Benavente, translated from the Spanish by John Garrett Underhill, is laid "in an imaginary country at the beginning of the seventeenth century." The period does not matter much, except as it controls the designer's choice among Spanish costumes, for the imaginary country is Spain. The play is described on the programme as a costume comedy. It is that and more. It begins like a rather ordinary comedy of rogues. Leander and his servant Crispin, on the run from justice, arrive at an imaginary Spanish city, where they try, by passing off Leander as a person of quality travelling incog, to live on credit. Crispin makes their plans with zest, Leander is reluctant and half-hearted in carrying them out. Just as the crimes they have committed were evidently shabby, so the fraud we watch them practising is shabby. It is also somewhat tedious, one feels that Benavente was too easily pleased by the abundance in which his rather thin, his rather mediocre stuff came to him, yet somehow, oddly, unexpectedly, one finds oneself sharing in his pleasure, getting little by little a sense of amplitude, almost of playful richness, as if an amused, light-hearted presence pervaded this thin abundance. All the while, out of things one doesn't much care for, things that bore one more or less, there is growing something one does care for, and there comes a sudden flowering of love at first sight, of young love credible and wonderful, of young imaginations awakened suddenly into rapture and surprise. This little picture of love is only a sketch, which Benavente dashes off, negligently, but it is enough.

Love remembered, not as felt but as observed, and observed at the moment when it is not yet passion, when it is still a young miracle, still a wonder in two pairs of eyes, this may have been the intuition which Benavente wished to express in his play, although as like as not what gave him his impulse may have been the recollected sight of an unhoped-for flower growing on a dust heap, of any happy accident set in meanness. From some such starting-point he began, he was in a hurry, he turned to old material, he did not take time to be the artist that he might be, he looked at his work, good parts and bad parts, and saw that it was good enough, for his public.

To give such a play is to make an experiment on New York, an experiment interesting in spite of the English words. Whether they are as poor in Spanish I don't know, and have no first-hand way of finding out, but as I listened I wanted more color; archaism, perhaps, or cadence, or a translator to whom words were dear.

Equally an experiment, lonely among other modern experiments in production, is what Rollo Peters and Philip Moeller have done with the play. Many modern designers of costume go in for pure color: Mr. Peters, although he is as modern as you please, uses colors that look as if they had been mixed on a palette. Many modern designers of scenery go in for flatness, for a formal design in which representation plays the least of small parts: Mr. Peters, so one would guess from his work in The Bonds of Interest, cares most of all for effects of space, for getting those distances which he needs in order to put the spectators into the right moods, and the means he employs to these ends include a good deal of representation.

What was most interesting in his first set? Was it that yellow mountain in the background, was it that mauve in the background which Leander's costume repeated, was it the sense of space beyond the foreground bridge where the characters stood and moved and talked, was it the way in which the lines about the bridge and the town were so carried out as to make one feel the bridge's height and the town's distance, as to convince one that these men were actually overlooking a valley? What was most interesting in Mr. Peters's second set? Doña Sireña, wonderful in her most wonderful of all the Spanish costumes, and the way in which her figure counted against the other costumes and the night? Or was it one's feeling that the night itself outside, the night enveloping these Spanish figures, was deep and filled with the most natural magic? And was it, in the third act, that open window on the left, through which you saw the treetops, and felt the height of the room above the ground?

Where there was always so much to amuse one's eyes, and where amusement was sharpened now and then to keenest pleasure, it is hard to say what interested them most, whether the things then seen, or the memories these brought back of Lawson's paintings of Spain, of a long line of Spanish pictures minus dwarfs and beggars, of Zuloaga. But it is easy to name what interested one's eyes most nearly continuously, their perception that Mr. Peters, not yet a master, is already an artist, with an artist's, with the painter's special way of seeing all his figures in relation to their background, a relation which I cannot describe, which I can only indicate by calling it an affair of the value of light, but which I think any painter will recognize as something he has seldom noticed in a theatre, as the rare happiness of seeing the background relate itself now and then to a spot of red or blue in the costumes. Surely it is to this constantly felt presence of a painter, of Mr. Peters and Mr. Moeller working together as one Spaniard, that I may trace a wish for the very last thing I usually wish for at a play, for a greater richness and expensiveness in the stuffs used. Just as, while taking my pleasure in the amount of representation in the scenery, I perversely wished, in the first and third acts, for more accent than it is easy to give except in formal design.

The second act did not lack this accent, which Miss Westley gave it as Doña Sireña, playing better than I have ever seen her before, with certainty, and making her words count. So much did she make them count that I wondered whether I should have noticed any poorness in the words if the other persons in the cast had spoken as well as she. They neither speak nor act so well, although Mr. Peters, as Leander, is imaginative, and although Miss Freeman, the girl Leander falls in love with, does "breathe the violet breath of maidenhood," does really suggest youth. Together they make one believe in their idyll, although one cannot understand what it is made of, except of youth and the friendly enchantment of the night. No, one cannot say that the company is good, although this statement needs at once to be qualified by another, namely, that nobody except Mr. Augustin Duncan as Crispin hinders the producer in his desire to make the play express itself. Mr. Duncan tries hard, he even tries not to, but he is a good deal in the way. Looking at him, wondering what I'd do if I were editing the cast, I found myself foolishly repeating a line from Sir Walter's song—"To Duncan no morrow."

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Books and Things

RIGOROUS teachers seized my youth and made it automatically chivalrous. For many years no woman saw me with a hat on my head in any except a grain elevator. For many years I lifted my hat as often as a woman stopped me on the street to inquire her way. Even now, whenever I am seated in a crowded car, and woman comes to a standstill not too far off, I have to repress an impulse to give her my place.

The struggle is not always successful. Even at my age the age of chivalry is not always past. The other day is a case in point. I had got upon my legs, had bowed with distant beneficence to a strap-hanging woman, and was already moving beyond the range of her gratitude, if any, when I noticed a small, agile man darting into my ex-seat. What was I to do next? Should I hit him? Should I drop the full weight of my vocabulary upon his head? During ten seconds of deliberation I stared at the usurper, who looked up at last, our gazes met, my tongue refused to speak, my arm to strike. I could do and say nothing against that man. His eyes betrayed his absolute sincerity.

If I have to choose between skill and sincerity, give me the latter, every time:

> My table will not stand alone,
> It wobbles when I write on it,
> And there's a little risk, I own,
> In setting down a light on it.
> These foibles I forgive: I see
> The carpenter's sincerity.

Stealthily, in the dead of night, equipped with dark-lantern, revolver and jemmy, I open the rear window of my neighbor's house, panther-foot my way upstairs, and begin to make a swift and expert choice of articles at once portable and negotiable. The slightest of noises catches my sensitive ear, and quick as thought I cover with my gun the pyjamaed form of the master of the house. Do I pull the trigger? Not I. In all his features I read the deep sincerity of his desire not to part after this fashion with his wife's pearl necklace, her diamond brooch, or anything that is hers. Face to face with such sincerity, brought up short by it, staggered by it, I can do but two things, namely, leave the householder unharmed and make tracks for the window by which, as I learn later from the afternoon paper, I appear to have effected an ingress. But it might have gone hard with that householder if I had detected upon his legible countenance the faintest trace of insincerity.

Sincerity is everywhere and always the test. Is it not almost the sole test by which judge and jury and society appraise, for example, infractions of the code established for the guidance of the sexes along their dim and perilous way? Which of us has not exclaimed, in accents iambic and spontaneous,

> God bless the human man who errs
> And strays, and loves too dearly
> His neighbor's wife, if he is hers
> And she is his, sincerely.

So long as lovers and sinners are sincere they shall be free, as I believe I have said elsewhere, to do whatever they like:

> Freedom shall be the law of life,
> When man no woman owns,
> When Smith may live with Jones's wife,
> And Mrs. Smith with Jones.

It is, perhaps, because our minds do not crave logical symmetry that when we are reasoning or when somebody is trying to reason with us we do not always place ourselves at the above point of view. We lazily condemn insincerity, we lazily listen while other men condemn it, without trying to understand what such condemnation implies. Our public men encourage us in this laziness. Mr. Taft, to take a recent example, will I fear never clear our minds of cant by publishing a treatise on Sincerity, its Morphology and Function, with Special Reference to its Relation to Social Change, in 2 vols. demi 8vo, $6 net. He hasn't yet begun to explore the implications of sincerity. "At such a time," he says in the Philadelphia Ledger for April 19th, "when one finds among people of good intentions a sneaking and sometimes an avowed sympathy with the Bolsheviki on the theory that they are sincere men struggling for equality and democracy and the happiness of the masses, it is fortunate to have a book published like John Spargo's Bolshevism." And a little further on Mr. Taft does it again: "It has been the habit of those who have apologized for the Bolsheviki to refer to their work as an interesting 'social experiment' by honest men sincere in their mistaken faith and true to democratic principles." Mr. Taft means what he says without meaning all he implies. If the greater social changes of the world had to wait until no one who was in favor of them could gain anything by them for himself, in money, ease, power, leisure, or freedom, they would wait a long time. If nobody may resist change who has anything to lose by it the voice of the conservative will be heard no more.

Or take the case of Mr. Burleson, our Postmaster General, who says and possibly believes that he "does not object to criticism having behind it an honest purpose." What he objects to is "sinister" and "selfish" criticism. His argument, so far as I understand it, is that inasmuch as some of his critics dislike him because he won't ask Congress to repeal the zone law which makes life more expensive for magazines and newspapers, therefore no adverse criticism of Postmaster General Burleson can be founded on fact. Some of his critics are insincere: therefore nothing any critic says against him can be true.

It is a convenient argument for a man who wishes to stay in office. He must stay and stay until a totally disinterested critic is found, an abstraction, a man who has nothing to lose by Mr. Burleson's continuance in office, by his hostility to free speech, by his hostility to labor unions, by the inefficiency he has brought about in his department, by his invincible stupidity. The ideal critic, whom Mr. Burleson would "not object to" but would "welcome," is somebody who has nothing to gain by good management of the postoffice. Let him who has never bought a one-cent stamp cast the first stone. It will be welcomed.

Not quite according to the pattern suggested by our Postmaster General do most of us cut our daily lives. If I want to discover the worst and best that may be truthfully said about a cabinet officer I don't consult a man who has no motive for not exaggerating. I listen to interested critics, to defenders as interested as Mr. Burleson himself, and then I weigh and consider. So firm is my belief that knowledge and disinterestedness seldom go together that when I want a tooth filled I go to a man who fills teeth for purposes of gain. When I serve on a jury my all-wise native land has decreed that I shall listen to two interested lawyers and to only one disinterested judge. Thus do I realize that society has reconciled itself to the fact that imperfect sincerity is sometimes an instrument for getting things done and for digging out the truth.

P. L.

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Blind Alley

Blind Alley, by W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

NOT yet has the influence of H. G. Wells begun to overturn American fiction. We are still comfortably didactic and sententious and Victorian. But a novel like Blind Alley declares a change in British fiction that must largely be laid to Mr. Wells. He has been a revolutionary, in his own way. When he began, the right subject-matter of the novel was still the private life of human beings, the way they felt about a few close associates and their own selves. In the novels he has written since he reached forty he has deflected his age. The news of the day, its mental catchwords and fashions, its spasms of hero-worship and cynicism, its huge intrusion on privacy and independence—these common and popular actualities have become the characteristic material of Mr. Wells's dramatization of society. He has gone much farther in his innovation than the daring historians who moved from England to the English People. Mr. Wells has made the people of his novels the exemplars of their epoch. From his handful of men and women we are enabled to infer the whole of England. He is like the brilliant student of Agassiz who builded up the whole animal from a few bones. That latter employment of intelligence is quite in the style of Mr. Wells. His novels are triumphs of intelligence. They show that sociology can subserve fiction just as well as sympathetic psychology. Sociology, in fact, in its first rich usefulness, looks like the modern novelist's best friend.

Not everyone has succumbed to Mr. Wells in England. Mr. Galsworthy is, on the whole, an instinctive Victorian. Mr. Bennett follows Mr. Wells in his own discreet fashion, but only as a motor might follow an airplane. Mr. Walpole is by nature less at home in the brusque world of sociology. He is meditative and wistful and really disinclined to think. Miss Sidgwick refuses to see personalities so subjected to the lathe of environment. Mr. James Joyce is even more intractable. He is beyond the newspapers. He sees the world refracted in personality, the one thing that absorbs him. But Miss May Sinclair and St. John Ervine and Stephen McKenna show greatly how Mr. Wells has affected them, and W. L. George is the extreme case of his influence. Blind Alley would have been impossible without the example of H. G. Wells.

Mr. George differs from Mr. Wells in the coarser screen of his nature and of his mind. Alive to his time, resourceful, emphatic, he produces a simpler and at the same time blunter effect. After Joan and Peter it is particularly interesting to read Blind Alley because Mr. George has seized on somewhat the same order of English people, and in his treatment of them there is material for fair comparison. Sir Hugh is much milder than Oswald and he has no Education of Oswald Sydenham to ram down the throat of the young; but he is a reflective English Liberal Unionist caught in the turmoil of wartime, and his is a patriotism that requires something of a world-scheme to justify it, even though Anglo-Saxonism is nominally sufficient in the end. Sir Hugh's wife is the female junker represented by Lady Charlotte in Joan and Peter. In Lady Oakley the woman is not only a bully to her husband and children but a typical Hun-hater and patriotic tyrant. "Now she sat chewing buttered toast, and plotting for the Hun rations of skilly. 'Give them dog biscuits. . . . .'" Mr. George is coarsely remorseless in portraying her except that he lets us see her for one moment blindly and pathetically striving to bridge the gap created by her egoism. But she fails to win back Sir Hugh and she returns to her egoism, permitting the reader to recover his distaste for the domineering Wife and Mother.

Sir Hugh's son Stephen is a thorn in his mother's flesh. He refuses to drape the war. When he is at the front he is mercilessly flippant. When he comes home invalided he takes all the fun out of patriotism. "People like Ian Hay" make Stephen sick. "War books make me sick." "Don't let's pretend! Don't let's be literary till it's over, till they've done fighting. They don't fight like knights in a beastly tournament, but like rats in a common drain; that's more like it, bayonetting men in the back instead of the front, because it's safer; that's more like it—hitting below the belt when you get a chance, because it's softer." This is a tone that Sir Hugh understands, though in the end Sir Hugh falls in love with England. ("Beautiful England," he says in a typical Georgian passage, "beautiful England, you will still break many eggs before you make the omelette of the universe, but I must love you, and love you because only love, crude minx with a heart of gold, can teach you to love; to make you mine I must first of all become yours.") Sir Hugh gives himself to England, but he is one of the few who does not persecute Cradoc, the conscientious objector. He even listens to, and ponders, every long argument of the invincible C. O.

When Mr. George calls England a "crude minx with a heart of gold" he shows the dire possibilities of his rhetoric. Those possibilities are frequently realized in the love-episodes of the book. Sir Hugh has two daughters. Sylvia is "fast." She is a widow soon after the war begins, marries another soldier, takes up with one young man after another in the hectic intervals of war work, is finally divorced because of an affair with a downy youngster and finds herself compelled to marry the youngster whom she had so enjoyed seducing. Monica is older and decenter. In the munition factory, however, she attracts the man who runs it. This is a man "sensual in the mind rather than the body" whose great game is the conquest of women. He is "a young-looking man, with close cut, rather curly brown hair, bright blue eyes, a clipped moustache, and an expression half-stern, half-roguish." He is happily married, has three children, and is given to such soliloquies as, "At your age and in your position it's impossible," and, "Frank, don't be a fool." Mr. George does not see Frank so plainly as H. G. Wells sees the woman-hunter in Joan and Peter. He, too, has blue eyes, but a "blond young man with a strong profile, a hungry, scornful expression and a greedy, large blue eye that wandered about the crush as if it sought something, until it came to rest upon Joan." The "technique" of Frank is rather solemnly described by Mr. George. It is compared to jujitsu. "He knew that the pursuit of women is an art rather akin to jujitsu, that a slight push will cause them to fall in virtue of their own weight, while a hard push will often cause them to cling, and thus to save a fall." It is rather extraordinary, considering such expert technique, that Frank should write to the fascinated Monica in this strain, "Most exquisite, most adorable, copper-crowned lily, eyes soft as water and hard as steel, mouth that Cupid might steal with which to make a bow," etc. But Mr. George takes leave of his ordinary style, if not of his bad taste, when he writes of what he calls Eros. Even though Frank Cottenham finds it inconvenient to go through with Monica, Mr. George never lets us forget that we are dealing with a master of jujitsu. He is, unfortunately, deficient in feeling. In spite of all his rhetoric, Monica knows he is a hunter,

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and neither she nor he can carry on the affair.

"Love is a butter-slide and at the end you fall into life." So says Frank. There is a good deal of the hard-eyed sophistication often called "life" in this clever novel of Mr. George's. Whether he is too deficient in feeling himself to make his bold art acceptable, is the real question in criticizing his book. A good deal of imaginativeness plays around his account of the frolicsome picnic. His account of the Sussex farmer is sharply amusing. Everything about Sylvia and the girls at the munition factory is vivid and persuasive, the young soldiers are well defined, the presence of the cat Kallikrates is admirably summoned. But few descriptions of disaster are so callous as his description of the dead girls in the munition factory. They are quite secondary to Frank's intrigue. His sympathy for the conscientious objector is more a perversity than a catholicity of perception. He is only really tender in his attitude toward Sir Hugh.

The opinionativeness of Blind Alley is not the less spicy because Mr. George is so insensitive in many directions. It is even brave opinion and positively valuable opinion here and there. But it is principally valuable not for its quality but because it is relevant to the last two years of the war in England. With a rank flavor of his own Mr. George has conveyed his England. He has even, with barbaric candor, added a few strident footnotes to the literature on the jujitsu of sex. F. H.

National Budgets

The Problem of a National Budget, by W. F. Willoughby. New York: Appleton.

The Movement for Budgetary Reform in the States, by W. F. Willoughby. New York: Appleton.

THE control of finance is the head and centre of any administrative system. Nothing is so deleterious to the process of government as the possession of a financial system in which the close and continuous scrutiny of revenue and expenditure has been evaded. America is far behind the majority of European countries in this regard. Its financial system puts a premium upon waste and inefficiency. No proper relation between legislature and executive persists. No real means are at hand for the full study of the cost of national government. No department of the administration has that full and careful supervision of its colleagues that is possessed by the British treasury. The result has been a laxity in expenditure, a dissipation of energy, and an inefficiency in administration which may well be ruinous in the coming period of the positive state. Mr. W. F. Willoughby, in conjunction with the Institute of Government Research, is making a valiant effort to provide us with the facts that are needed if change is to come. He has published an admirable study of financial administration in Great Britain. He is responsible, indirectly, for a useful survey of the Canadian system and a translation of Réné Stourm's classic treatise. The two present volumes are in reality an attempt to relate his previous work to the special conditions of America. The second, and less important, is a survey of the progress towards an adequate system that has been made in the different states. It is not an exciting book; and it hardly perceives the intimate way in which the problem of a budget is bound up with every element in state-administration. But it is a useful volume and, for the present, it must find a place on the shelves of every student of political method.

The first volume is more important. It is a fairly ful and detailed explanation of what a budget is, of what its in stitution would administratively involve, and the constitu tional problems involved in its application to the Americar system. The subject is treated simply and carefully, anc the value of the proposals set forth is indubitable. Mr Willoughby lacks, indeed, the business instinct of Mr. F A. Cleveland or the brilliant power of administrative analysis which is rapidly making Professor Beard the foremost student of American government. But he sees what is in front of him with accuracy, and, within those limits, he is at all points competent. Yet the range of his problem is far wider than he has actually seen.

For the problem of a national budget in fact raises the fundamental issue of the adequacy of American governmental methods in general. The real question at stake is the separation of powers. Given the conditions of its origin, no one can fail to understand why the United States, with a natural, and even inevitable suspicion of the executive power, should have sought a system of checks and balances which, in an age where government undertakes extensive functions, virtually results in the bankruptcy of administration. For the simple fact is that you cannot separate the legislature from the executive; the one will inevitably destroy the efficiency of the other. When the American state was little more than a military and police organization, the defects of such separation were hardly seen. But once the executive was entrusted with large duties, it was inevitable that the business of the legislature should mainly become, as in Europe, the criticism of its plans and performance. America is trying to govern a state totally different in substance from that of 1787 with an organization entirely unadapted to the new necessities. It is clear, for instance, that no man knows better the military needs of America than the Secretary of War. The policy to be pursued is that upon which he and the President have agreed. It is his business to translate that policy into operation. Such expert counsel as exists is in a special sense and degree at his disposal. Yet, in the American system, he is practically reduced to the creature of the Committees on Appropriation and Military Affairs. There is no guarantee that the measure that leaves their hands will be his measure. There is no opportunity for the legislature systematically to compare his plans with that which becomes its own. He may well be driven to administer a policy totally out of accord not merely with his own ideas, but also with that of his expert advisers. Nor has he adequate means of protest. It is useless for him to resign, since he is responsible not to Congress but to the President. And when this procedure is repeated for the fourteen primary units, as Mr. Willoughby aptly terms them, of administration, it is obvious that a premium has been put on chaos.

Nor has Congress been organized even with a view to this chaos. Mr. Willoughby admirably shows that its committee divisions have no bearing whatever upon the functions of the governmental machine. The House of Representatives has, as he says, three classes of committees. One deals with general legislation, the ordering of what work is to be done. Another deals with the money that is to be spent upon this work. A third inquires, in haphazard fashion, into the manner in which the work is performed. Obviously such a classification is the merest absurdity; but even as it is, the system never works in actual fact. The Committee on Appropriations inevitably controls legislation for the simple and definite reason that the amount of money to be spent must always determine the kind of legislation that is to be enacted. The performance of executive func-

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tions never receives continuous scrutiny; and there is no one committee upon which the burden of responsibility can be placed for the inadequacy of any department.

The budget system is an attempt to remedy this by bringing into a single statement the expenditures of government and the business of taxation, audit and report which follow therefrom. There are, as Mr. Willoughby shows, two possible methods of using it: a budget may be executive in character, or it may be legislative. Mr. Willoughby's plan is for the President to create an organ of general administration in the executive which, bearing the same relation to the various departments as the British Chancellor of the Exchequer to his colleagues, would submit to Congress a general programme of expenditures; and this would be considered in the House of Representatives by a single budget committee. No one can doubt that this would be an immense advance upon the present system; but it is permissible to doubt whether it goes to the real heart of the problem. Unquestionably, it would promote both executive and legislative efficiency. But it would not effect—and this is the great need of American government—the direction of a stream of continuous tendency through affairs. What, rather, it would do is to make the House immensely more powerful than the executive by the concentration of all its energy at a single point in its structure. It would make the Budget Committee a cabinet of the House opposed to the President's cabinet; and if, as in the next Congress, legislature and executive were of different political texture, it would ensure a conflict even more disastrous than past ones.

The truth surely is that reform must proceed from a different angle. The time has passed when the United States could afford to do without executive direction. In the spasmodic fashion which is alone made possible by his position, Mr. Wilson has shown how much better the system is when the President approximates his functions to those of a British Prime Minister. A Congress, in fact, without his guidance, is like a body without a head; and if the problems of the next generation are on anything like the scale of those before us, that guidance will be increasingly necessary if chaos is to be avoided. But a President who is to guide needs a Cabinet far more alert and active than that with which Mr. Wilson has surrounded himself. It must be prepared to offer the Congress the same kind of advice on special questions that the President offers on general topics. The logical deduction from such an attitude is the Cabinet direction of Congress; and from the special aspect with which Mr. Willoughby is concerned that implies an executive budget.

The idea of putting the Cabinet into Congress is not, of course, new; it was advocated nearly forty years ago by Mr. Wilson himself. Nor is it less difficult of application than when the hypothesis was a novelty. The dogma of the separation of powers is still dear to the American heart; and it is rare that a political thinker is honest enough, like Mr. Lippmann, to admit that it is the parent only of confusion. A long process of education will be necessary before the average electorate is prepared to confront the obvious problems that are raised by the scale of life upon which we live. The institutions of modern democracy are at no point adequate to its functions. The budget is an instrument for the more efficient operation of the mechanisms we possess; but the consideration of its probable results should make us rather analyze the foundations of American government than be satisfied with tinkering at its superstructure. Here, as elsewhere, political progress is secreted in the interstices of parliamentary procedure.

H. J. L.

The Madman

The Madman. His Parables and Poems, by Kahlil Gibran. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

KAHLIL GIBRAN comes to us heralded on the publisher's part as the poet of the Near East. "The many million readers who read Arabic," we are told, "consider him the outstanding genius of the epoch." And also "in the opinion of many critics he is far greater than Tagore." Rodin is reported to have said that the world should expect much from this poet-painter of Lebanon, the William Blake of the twentieth century. How much English Rodin had in hand for his Blake, whose prophetic works his own countrymen find hard enough to make out, is uncertain. He must have meant the painting of Kahlil Gibran. As for Blake and Tagore, that is storming the battlements. We know that Tagore in his English form often loses much of the luminous trail, the tender living accompaniments, that lie around and behind the same work in his own language for his own countrymen. In English for many people Tagore is often haunting, fine, but sometimes invertebrate, too persistently and too mystically optimistic, too likely to take a poetic effect for granted, to fudge on the aspiring reader.

If Tagore can be now and then spineless, too much heart vapor and soul vapor, what of Kahlil Gibran? If this book comprises the flower of the outstanding genius of the Arabian epoch, that race has also its platitudes. One sees there are sophomores among the Arabs also. At least half the points sprung in the fables are threadbare, such as the antagonism between mother and daughter and—several times—the one sane man among many being taken for the madman; or the human mite and blind fortune. Now and then the turn is very neat, as when, for example, on the beach there is a man picking up dead fish and putting them tenderly back into the water. He is the humane philanthropist. Twice we have the Aesop note; take the fox who saw his shadow at sunrise and said he would have a camel for lunch; but found no camel, and when he saw his shadow at noon said "A mouse will do." Or the quite consummate Scarecrow:

Once I said to a Scarecrow, "You must be tired of standing in this lonely field,"
And he said, "The joy of scaring is a deep and lasting one, and I never tire of it."
Said he, "Only those who are stuffed with straw can have known that joy."
Said he, "Only those who are stuffed with straw can know it."

But the second half goes off again, like many of the effects in the book. Lord Dunsany's fables, tricky as they are sometimes, leave Gibran out of the running. They have more poetry, more spacious excitement, a wider fragrance. Set against Blake Kahlil Gibran lacks Blake's awe, Blake's aspect of a prophetic Titan in a bewildered cosmos. But he surpasses Blake in one thing—though he has that all too rarely. He can give the point an intellectual wrench, a trimness of the angle, that shows that not for nothing was he born in the home of algebra.

One wonders about these Orientals with their mysterious ways, their discourses on God, their silences and their talk about the wisest man. Are some of them like the Moors who intrigue tourists at Gibraltar, dark-eyed, silent, unstirred, forcing guesses about them and purchases of their eastern goods made in Germany? Some at least may be

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indeed seers who have chosen "the thoughtful life as a clever woman findeth the right color." Does this capacity for gods really attract gods? At any rate the fable form, the parable, suits their affairs. It is reticent, intriguing. It is posed, it is perfected. It can be specious and tricky. Or it can bear a sheen above a still more beautiful vision underneath. In my opinion the fable method does not occur to us as a race as simply as it may to the East, so that we are self-conscious at the game, and should therefore play it exactingly and only at its best.

But this manner of writing has its clients in many fields. The lover of allegory, of the still small voice, of "huge cloudy symbols" loves it. The dreamer, the sententious person, the elocutionary, the faddist, the poseur, the man of high imagination, all are apt to have a go at it. In it each has found something: those, as Pausanias said in describing the scale-corselets, "who have not seen a dragon have at least seen a great pine cone."

S. Y.

Theodore Dreiser

Twelve Men, by Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni and Liveright.

A FAIRLY respectable biography of Theodore Dreiser might be concocted with no other bibliography than his Twelve Men and an American Who's Who. For the round dozen of them are manifestly real folk the author has known more or less intimately at different stages of his career, and we glimpse him through his contacts with them. We learn, for example, that he grew up in a stringently moral home in the middle west, and that his coming to New York was hastened by the undeniable fame and fortune his brother Paul was accumulating there as the foremost writer of popular songs. It comes as news that Theodore (and not Paul) wrote the first stanza and the chorus of On the Banks of the Wabash just to show his brother how these things should be managed. It would be possible to piece together the facts of his connection with many newspapers and magazines, the details of a "psychic breakdown" necessitating a sanatorium, an adventure in labor as a member of a railroad gang, and an astonishing prestige as editor of magazines for women, such as the Delineator.

The style of Twelve Men differs from that of The Genius in being fairly simple, with only occasional inextricable meanings. It lacks as did The Genius and all its predecessors, the finish that might have given resonance and carrying quality to what is said. Only a man as thoroughly sophisticated as Anatole France could use a medium of expression so loose as this without drifting once in a while into inanity. And he would not use it. But Mr. Dreiser is not sophisticated. He is easily disgusted, easily moved to tears. He writes "my dear brother" a little too often, and regrets Paul's eastern burial in the sentence, "It was so cold and dreary there, horrible."

The most acid realism may sometimes represent nothing more than a self-conscious sentimentalism dodging itself, if one judge from the following, hard to ascribe to any realist: "Ah, Broadway! Broadway! And you, my good brother! Here is the story that you wanted me to write, this little testimony to your memory, a pale, pale symbol of all I think and feel. Where are the thousand yarns I have laughed over, the music, the lights, the song? Peace, peace. So shall it soon be with all of us. It was a dream. It is. I am. You are. And shall we grieve over or hark back to dreams?"

But this lack of style, whether it be flaw or virtue, is only one angle of a general and real lack of philosophy. Theodore Dreiser is a conscientious and competent observer, but an observer galled and limited in range by strands of old repressions, angered to find himself bound by an inculcated morality in an age when others have fought free. He is constantly at war against his Puritanical instincts, with the result that he is never sure of his own boundaries. He can assume no consistent attitude, can put no coherence into the way he says his say about American life.

There is, strangely enough, a kind of consistency in the lives of the twelve men he has chosen to represent. No less than six of them were men of great promise who died without achieving the things they seemed fitted to do. And four, perhaps five, can be put down as minor philanthropists, men who, because of some religious or personal bias, have found their happiness in serving others. For Dreiser it is a remarkable collection. In all of them the element of selfishness is reduced to a minimum; it is as if he had said to himself that he had been confined too closely to the hopeless, that he would now make a study of the creative spirit and eternal kindliness in men. He succeeds rather indifferently with the humanitarians. For them he seems to have only a mild and artificially exaggerated sympathy; and his misunderstanding of them verges in some instances on complete bewilderment. With the young journalists, artists and publicists he was in closer touch; catalogues of peculiarities occur, but vivified by inner acquaintance. Peter, who opens the book, assumes life and charm from the beginning.

It was evidently Peter who first woke Theodore Dreiser from his middle-western sleep to a realization that the world and its possibilities were wider than had been allowed to appear on the surface, and much wider than his education. With Peter he went about St. Louis for the first time. "As I view myself now, I was a poor, spindling, prying fish, anxious to know life, and yet because of my very narrow training very fearsome of it, of what it might do to me, what dreadful contagion of thought or deed it might open me to! Peter was not so. To him all, positively *all,* life was good. . . . When I look back now upon the shabby, poorly lighted, low-ceiled room to which he led me 'for fun,' the absolutely black or brown girls with their white teeth and shiny eyes, the unexplainable, unintelligible love of rhythm and the dance displayed, the beating of the drum, the sinuous, winding motions of the body, I am grateful to him. He released my mind, broadened my view, lengthened my perspective. For as I sat with him, watching him beat his drum or play his flute, noted the gayety, his love of color and effect, and feeling myself *low,* a criminal, disgraced, the while I was staring with all my sight and enjoying it intensely, I realized that I was dealing with a man who was 'bigger' than I was in many respects, saner, really more wholesome. I was a moral coward." There are many instances of their common adventures, told with the same directness, and indicating in a similar fashion the influence of Peter in opening the eyes of his companion, not only to the dives of the city, but to the religions, arts, and philosophies of the earth. Probably it was these peregrinations that temporarily smothered the sentimentalist—the song-writer—in Dreiser.

As an experiment in literary form the book is only a passable success. Interesting as many of the figures are, they interest only in themselves, and not in the sketches to follow. There is nothing in Peter to prepare us for the

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sudden change of atmosphere in A Doer of the Word, and though the autobiographical thread exists it runs in tangled convolutions. There comes a time when the momentum is insufficient to carry over. To be sure there will be those who overcome the inertia, and turn the page, remembering that this man Dreiser never puts his best foot forward, never seems to be going to get anywhere, and yet somehow, after a good deal of fuss and bungling, sometimes does.

M. A.

The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored, by Horace Meyer Kallen. New York: Moffat, Yard and Co.

ORTHODOXY'S old habit of appropriating mountain views, vested interests, saints, and works of art, often robs society and often troubles the elders. The Song of Songs and the Book of Job are as good literary examples as any. As for the Song of Songs, that beautiful sequence of love poems and all its rich impasto of sensuous imagery has long since been trimmed down to mean the love of the church—in the very face of the old Jewish law forbidding young persons under age to read the book. But the Book of Job, dealing more with ideas, has been more refractory. The Leviathan and Behemoth have never gone quite right. And the end of the book has always given trouble. It seems shy of a conclusion, seems to refuse to conclude. This puts the devout to explanatory shifts. Things must conclude, what else is orthodoxy?

The idea of Job as a drama is nothing new. It was current in the eighteenth century and in the sixteenth, and was held as an imitation of Greek tragedy by Theodore of Mopsuestia in the fifth century. Professor Kallen insists on its imitation of Euripides; and by allotting the lines to characters and chorus and by an occasional rearrangement of the text, has given to the poem the form of a Euripidean play. How that simplifies some of the commentators' problems! Leviathan and Behemoth are recognizable at once under Euripidean irony. At the end Professor Kallen substitutes another reading, equally justifiable, it seems: "I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes" becomes "I recant my challenge and am comforted." The end in this light needs no conclusion. It leads to the usual Greek tragic mind: the wonder and awe and resignation before the universal law and the revelation of human life. By this piece of work Professor Kallen helps to win back the Book of Job from the orthodox vested rights and to redeem it for those unholy persons who are content in art with mere poetry, beauty and the stores of human living.

The Index for Volume XVIII, which was completed with the last number, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st street, New York City.

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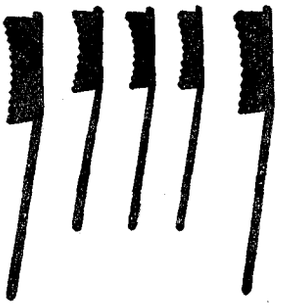
WILLIAM HARD, a regular contributor to the New Republic.

WILLIAM B. HALE, a prominent member of the Chicago Bar.



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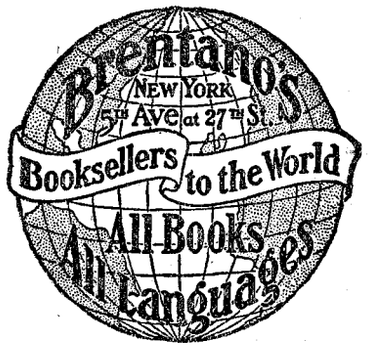

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